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The Sketch

No. 1204 — Vol. XCIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



CAROLINE OF THE FUTURIST BATH-ROOM: MISS IRENE VANBRUGH IN THE NAME-PART
OF MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S NEW COMEDY.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh has added one more to the list of her stage triumphs as the heroine of Mr. Somerset Maugham's comedy, "Caroline," recently produced at the New Theatre. Caroline and her lover have been waiting for years for her husband, from whom she is separated, to die. At last he does die, and they discover that the charm of the situation was in the waiting, and the prospect of fulfilment is by no means so alluring as they

expected. For one thing, they cannot agree as to which of their two houses to make their home. There are differences of taste, for example, in the matter of bath-rooms. Caroline has a Futurist bath-room, while the lover's is an orthodox affair of white tiles, which Caroline compares to a Tube station. She would be afraid, she says, when she took a bath, that a boy would put his head in and say, "Tickets, please!"

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

IN A CROWD ALL WILL WANT TO FOLLOW: EMPIRE REVUERS.



1. DESCRIBING THE ATTRACTIONS OF HONOLULU: MR. ROBERT HALE IN ONE OF HIS "FOLLOW THE CROWD" CHARACTERS.

It was arranged at one time that the new revue, "Follow the Crowd," should be produced at the Empire on the 17th, but later the date was postponed to Saturday, the 19th. The original book was written by Mr. H. B. Smith, and the English version is by Messrs. Arthur Wimperis and Hartley Carrick. The music and lyrics are by Mr. Irving Berlin, the well-known American composer of rag-time. There is a very

2. A SAFE DRAW IN "FOLLOW THE CROWD": MISS FAY COMPTON DRESSED FOR THE NEW EMPIRE REVUE.

strong cast, including Miss Ethel Levey, Miss Fay Compton, Miss Blanche Tomlin, Mr. Robert Hale, Mr. Joseph Coyne, and other popular comedians. Among other things, Mr. Hale is to be seen in a series of five impersonations, one of them representing a famous pianist. In this connection also may be noted a performance by six "muscular pianists" on a piano with a 30-foot keyboard. "Some" piano!

A REAL LIVE FAY IN "FOLLOW THE CROWD."



AS SHE FIGURES IN THE NEW EMPIRE REVUE: MISS FAY COMPTON, IN HER SONG,
"TAKE OFF A LITTLE BIT MORE."

As mentioned on the opposite page, it was arranged that "Follow the Crowd" should be produced at the Empire last Saturday. Miss Fay Compton, it will be remembered, was the wife of the former chief of the Follies, the late Mr. H. G. Féllié, and was herself a member of that entertaining company. Subsequently she married another

well-known comedian, Mr. Lauri de Frece. She has a brother famous in the art of literature—Mr. Compton Mackenzie, author of "Sinister Street" and other clever books. One of her great successes on the stage was her performance in "The Only Girl," at the Apollo Theatre.—[Photograph by Foulisham and Banfield, Ltd.]

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS. TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

MEN AND MENUS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

WHO would think that mere feminine fashions would interest you so much? Here are two letters from fighting friends who, from their respective ships, send some suggestions about garters and badge-buckles. Some time ago I told "yous" that the latest way for us of wearing your regimental badge was as a buckle on one solitary garter of black velvet. "B. T." answers that the aforesaid garter is only solitary because its twin is away treasured in trenches or aboard ship as a sweet talisman "until the end of the war, when the returned warrior is to be permitted to put them both on." How odd! Fancy a man wearing velvet garters! Or is it?—could you possibly mean? Ah, well, good luck to "yous"!—and *Honi soit qui mal—s'y prend!*

Another young "salt" suggests that black velvet could, with advantage, be replaced by a naval cap-ribbon. Only "you want an expert to tie it"! Of course, we have all heard of the ability



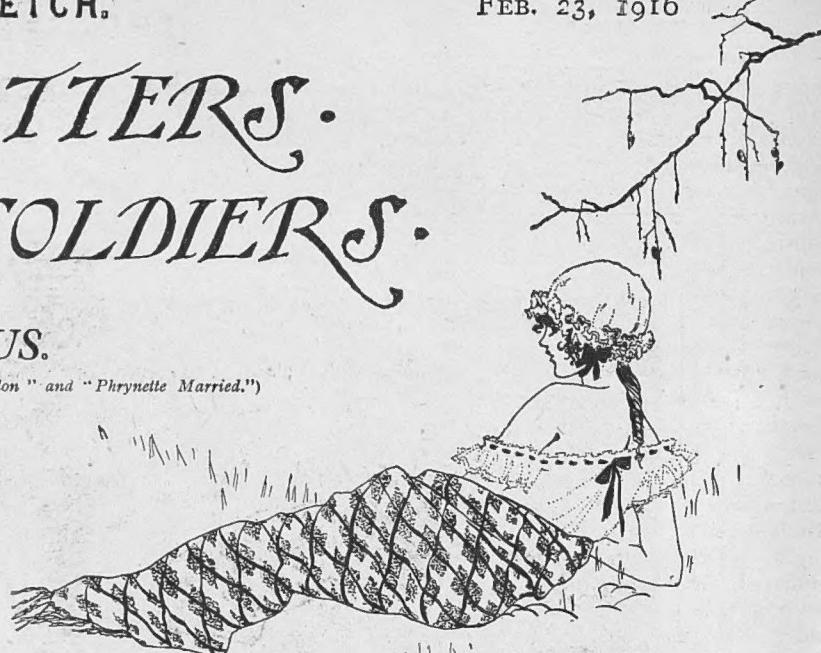
"The aforesaid garter is only solitary . . . 'until the end of the war.'"

of sailors to tie knots; but, *camarade*, a garter is not "tied"—it is sewn. Try again!

I get funny little problems sometimes. One of "yous" answering an article in which I spoke of the marriage epidemic, says: "That's all very well, because you can divorce a wife, but what about fiancées? I know a Sub who is engaged to five different girls. He says he can't help it. It just slips out. What do you think he'd better do?" I feel flattered to be consulted in such a desperate case. Tell your friend that as the Post-Bellum arrangement as to the plurality of legal loves has not yet come into force, it might be politic not to introduce the five different fiancées unto themselves, but to introduce to four of them four of his best and most trusted men pals. And may he marry the fifth fiancée and be happy ever after! But—will she be? *Je ne pense pas!*

I dined at Linda's last week-end; she spends her week-ends in town now that all the rest of the week she lives practically in Hentown making aeroplanes. After dinner—quite an informal one—while her mother was asleep behind the latest novel, and her father and the two wounded "yous" that had been asked to dine and be petted were still wining downstairs, suddenly said Linda to me, "Phrynette, what's wrong with my face?" It was the rightest possible sort of face, and I said so, and also, "Why?"

"Because," explained Linda quaintly, "in our work-room at Hentown we are a mixed crowd, men and women, see?—and lately the authorities have been thinking of erecting a wooden partition separating the male workers from us;



"How everyone can be perfectly well, . . . sleeping on a rug on the hillside."

the partition to come up to our waist as we sit on our high stools. The other day I asked one of the 'responsiblighters,' as Monty says, why we were thus to be penned apart, and do you know what he answered?

I expressed my absolute ignorance of Governmen's motives.

"Short skirts and silk ankles," scowled Linda. "It seems that our feet, dangling, crossed, or heel-perched, might have a distracting influence over the men!"

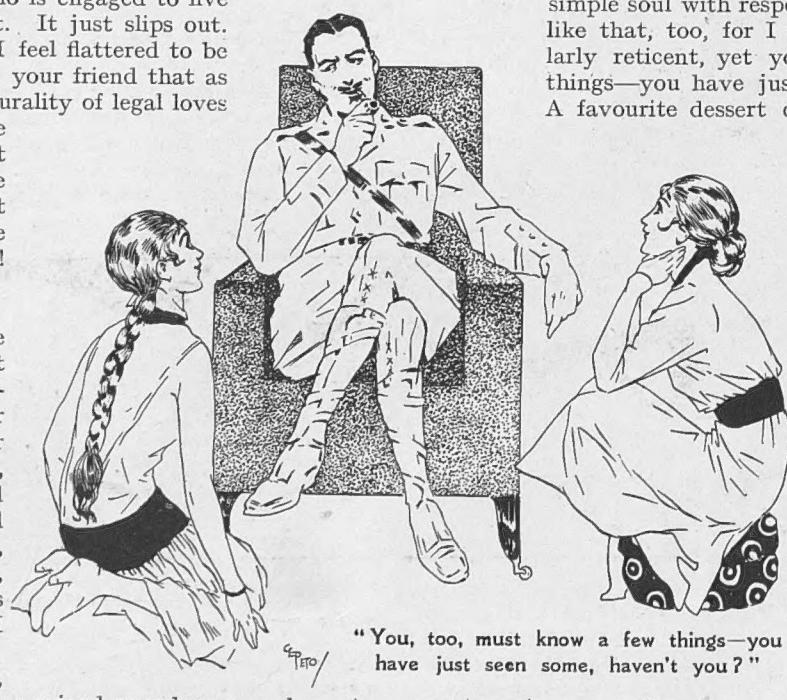
"Well, but so they might," I smiled. "Yes," said Linda, "but they would get used to them; and, then, don't you see, we'd be still visible to them from waist upward—our neck, our hair, our face, or our eyes; and if the 'responsiblighters' don't think those have some sort of distracting influence, it shows they deem us a very plain lot!"

And I agreed with her as to the masculine logic.

Have "yous" noticed how talkative—I can't truthfully say eloquent—London folk have become since "yous" went away warring? "Yous" remember, when happened a pause at a dinner-party, smiling at sentences such as these wafted over the flowered edifice facing "yous," fashioned after the suspended gardens of Babylon: "Awfully jolly play, don't you know—aw—aw," "Lost by a neck—rotten luck!" "Beastly hot for this time of the year." Now we seem to have overcome even the weather weakness. So many tremendous topics are cropping up every day that people's brains seem to be bursting with them. Table-talk may not be brilliant yet, but it certainly has received a fresh impetus. Some of us are gallantly trotting along the War-path on our hobby-horse; others are floundering in the black sea, others, yet, are soaring up and smashing the Zeps, to smithereens in the twinkle of an eye and a few pithy sentences—everybody seems wonderfully well informed. The things they would do, if they were just allowed to, fill my simple soul with respectful awe. Perhaps you feel like that, too, for I notice "yous" are particularly reticent, yet you, too, must know a few things—you have just seen some, haven't you? A favourite dessert discussion just now is this:

"What are luxuries?"

Everyone warms up at once to explain what they are *not*! Having listened carefully to the wise ones of this world, I now have come to the conclusion that *there are no luxuries in England*, and that what the Spartan calls luxuries are the bare necessities of the maligned Londoners! As dear old Lord Goutleigh was telling me at dinner yesterday: "Water is very well for ladies and flowers; yes, but for a man to talk of turning teetotaler after forty years of club life, where the best cellars are, why, it's a port in a storm—a storm in a port-glass, I mean. Ah, ah! it's preposterous, it's petty! And besides, if you cut off port, what is to become of nuts? Sheer waste, you see. Not all the nuts can be turned into



"You, too, must know a few things—you have just seen some, haven't you?"

storm—a storm in a port-glass, I mean. Ah, ah! it's preposterous, it's petty! And besides, if you cut off port, what is to become of nuts? Sheer waste, you see. Not all the nuts can be turned into

mock mutton at Eustace Miles' Restaurant!" And, as Babs Bagatelle, of the Elyseum, shrugs so prettily, "Economy? Cutting-off one's champagne cup? *Allons donc!* what would you toast our dear heroes with, then? Besides, depression means dyspepsia, dyspepsia means doctors' bills—I don't see where economy comes in." So, as you perceive, both port and champagne are a necessity; so are the anachronistical winter peaches which, if there were no one abnegate enough to eat them, would rot on their bed of cotton-wool. And it is only courteous to show our Russian allies that, war or no war, caviare is as much appreciated as ever—dearer and dearer, in fact! And who dare tell Monsieur Alphonse, the Kitchen King, that "a three-course dinner might, perhaps—does he not think?—be sufficient, oh, just during the war!" Why, he might fulfil his threat, there and then, and go and buy that palace on the Riviera where he means to spend his apron-less old age! Then indeed would domestic happiness shake and tremble to its very basement! No wonder so many wise people shake their heads as they lament, "Rash, oh, rash Economy!"

One man, however, has found the one and only cure for extravagance—Mr. C. J. Stewart, the Public Trustee, whatever that is. Listen to what he says in a speech: "Overspending of money now ought to be made 'bad form.'" This is a psychological gem. For if, in France, "it is ridicule that kills," here it is "bad form"—that impalpable yet impassable barrier dividing that which is done from that which is "not done"!

Of course, there are people who have not waited for Mr. C. J. Stewart's verdict, and who have tackled economy with their own capable hands; but they are not legions! For instance, I know three bachelor girls, two musicians and one dancer, chumming together, who when their housekeeper deserted them for a Government job, did not

replace her, but undertook the whole of the housework. And it's the wounded "yous" who reap the fruit of the dears' savings, for it all goes to the Red Cross Fund. You should see the dancer sliding and gliding on the polished floors, one foot on a piece of felt, the other shod with a brush-like contrivance strapped to her ankle. Under her pirouettes and her staccato steps the parquet is as shiny and insecure as ice; while the pianists' agile fingers dust and make beds and peel vegetables. But even they may have their pet luxuries—necessaries, I mean—which it is hard to renounce: it can't be the "bad form" kind, however, because it hides itself modestly.

Something extraordinary happened to me the other day—you'd never guess! I had luncheon at one of your big restaurants alone *en tête-à-tête* with—another woman! Yes, the two of us—no man! We wanted to talk, you see; and when there's a man, either you talk nonsense to amuse him or you listen to what he says to interest him! My friend was fresh from Paris, and we had heaps of things to tell each other. Suddenly she interrupted herself, and asked, "Have all these women really a man at the front?"

My back was turned to the room, so I quickly twisted my neck to see what the luncheons could possibly be doing to make my friend wonder at them. I did not really expect them to be dancing the *cancan* on the tables, but I certainly thought something odd was going on. *Mais pas du tout*; everyone was behaving most Britishally. I rounded my eyes and my mouth. "Pourquoi?" I asked.

"They all look so—*pre-war*," my Parisian friend said, with just

a shade of resentment. "They seem not to have a care in the world!"

"They are beautifully brave," I explained. But I wish my friend had been at Lady Ian Hamilton's when Lady Maud Warrender sang the other day. Then she would have seen the Englishwomen's soul on their faces. Lady Maud has a really beautiful voice and an Irish heart, and so she got all—mostly women—under her spell.

And what a lovely house that of Lady Ian Hamilton is, by the way. There is a room with black-oak ceiling, white walls with fine old oil-paintings, leopard-skin rugs, a comfy dark couch with Venetian-red cushions, and alabaster inverted shades to the lamps. Then there is

"I know a Sub
who is engaged
to five different
girls."

a stone stairway
and walls that look
like lapis-lazuli.

Speaking of food, Monty went to a lecture the other day. He told me enthusiastically all about it. It seems there is a man (Mr. William Aird, in case you should want to consult him; but I don't think) who has discovered how everyone can be perfectly well (yes, in war time too), and save gas-bills at the same time, by merely eating raw vegetables and sleeping on a rug on the hillside—or in the forest, if you have sylvan tastes. It would simplify married life enormously. A honeymoon, to begin with, would be within the reach of all. First, you secure your bride; then you grab your magic carpet under your arm (it must be a magic one to take place of roof, walls, furniture, etc.), and off you go. I don't know whether you tramp it or not (Monty did not inquire); but, if you tramp it, Italy or the Riviera, or even the Isle of Wight, is out of the question. Remains Brighton; you can get there in two or three days. If your wife faints on the way—she may not be used to tramping on vegetables—revive her with a cordial drop of water and the whiff of a nettle. A bite of raw beetroot may, perhaps, put some heart into her. Once you reach Brighton, turn your back on the Grand, for the Downs are spreading before you. Do the same with your carpet and start housekeeping right away—if the local authorities will let you. I don't know English laws, but in France al-fresco frolics are often interrupted by the *Garde-Champêtre*, who accuse you of being "sans domicile" and provide you with same free!

Monty says that Mr. William Aird's menus are within the means of anyone and the capacity of any cook. Then even Monsieur Alphonse might be dispensed with, after all! A typical menu consisted of raw carrots, celery, salad, parsnip, onions, watercress, leeks, and cabbage. It seems that such a diet has cured many people of

many ills—Lady Tyrrell, who was at the lecture, said so. I really believe it may cure people of a tendency to over-eating! I can't imagine anyone, however gluttonous, indulging in a large quantity of raw onions. Can "yous"? Anyway, if the fashion gets hold of London hostesses, "yous" on leave may be offered a dainty bunch of new carrots at tea instead of hot muffins and *petits-fours*. I hope you will not reciprocate this treatment by close imitation.



"Some of us
... are soaring
up and
smashing the
Zeps. to smithereens in
the twinkle of an eye."



"Short skirts and silk ankles . . . might have a distracting influence over the men!"

SMALL TALK



WIFE OF THE GARTER PRINCIPAL KING OF ARMS: LADY SCOTT-GATTY.

Lady Scott-Gatty, wife of Sir Alfred Scott Scott-Gatty, K.C.V.O., F.S.A., was Miss Elizabeth E. Foster, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Foster, of Newhall Grange, Maltby, Co. York. Sir Alfred was Rouge Dragon Pursuivant of Arms, 1880-86, and York Herald, 1886-1904, since when he has been Garter Principal King of Arms.

Photograph by Vandyk.



SISTER OF A SOLDIER-PEER:

THE HON. MURIEL STRUTT.
The Hon. Muriel Strutt is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Belper, and sister of the present Baron. Miss Muriel Strutt was born in 1890. Lord Belper, her brother, is a Captain in the 2nd Life Guards.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Somerset Maugham's own bath-room—but that perhaps, is telling! The point is that he too has views, and is therefore just the man to create a Caroline, endow her with fastidious tastes, and dip her, metaphorically, into the rapids of aesthetics. Mr. Maugham (a member, by the way, of the Bath Club) is very much of a collector; a dilettante's books and pictures used to adorn his house in Chesterfield Street, and do still adorn it if one may judge from the contented lightness of the new comedy rather than the seriousness of his last novel. To the writing of that novel, it was said a few months ago, Mr. Maugham had brought the suppressed seriousness of a lifetime, and had forgotten all the frivolities in the process. They were not forgotten, but have reappeared delightfully.

THE war, of course, is sending all our girl-folk into the arms of the Army, and Miss Joan Dugdale, in marrying Captain Peyton, of the 11th Hussars, returns to the old love of her mother's family—the fighting Carltons of Co. Clare. On her father's side the record is a peaceful one. For some years past Mr. Dugdale has varied his career in Parliament and at the Bar with all sorts of municipal and county work. An Eton, Merton, and Warwickshire man, he married when he was fifty-five. Joan, we observe, has waited considerably less than half that time.

The Programme Graces. Another Joan—Miss Poynder—

was, by the way, looking very charming at the Grosvenor House matinée. It was her business, as a programme-seller, to do so, just as it was Sir Philip Burne-Jones's business, as stage-manager, to look very busy and very obliging, and entirely unruffled; and for Lady Maud Warrender, as an organiser of the concert, to look entirely satisfied with all the musical numbers. Such were the happy, unprofessional conventions that ruled the day, and a very pleasant time was the result. Lady Mainwaring, Lady Diana Manners, Miss Pountales, and Miss Elizabeth Asquith also sold programmes, and all were bagging heaps of cash.

Caroline's Creator. Caroline—Somerset Maugham's Caroline

—has precise views on bath-rooms. Her own is futurist, imported, one supposes, from Mr. Roger Fry's Omega workshops in Fitzroy Square; her suitor's bathroom is like a Tube station. Mr.

A Heroine Born for the Part.

How fortunate Mr. Maugham has once more been in his heroine! Miss Irene Vanbrugh might have been specially created to charm us with this special creation on the stage. Everyone knows that to bring out the bouquet of its very feminine failings of inconsistency and hesitancy calls for genius.

At Lady St. Cyres'.

The other day Lady St. Cyres lent her house in Eaton Square to the United Workers, and Lord Sumner discoursed on economy. He was unexpectedly racy. He threw over the two Houses of Parliament with delightful assurance, and prodded the P.M. to his heart's content. Eaton Square had never heard anything quite like it, and No. 84 wouldn't have believed its ears twenty months ago.

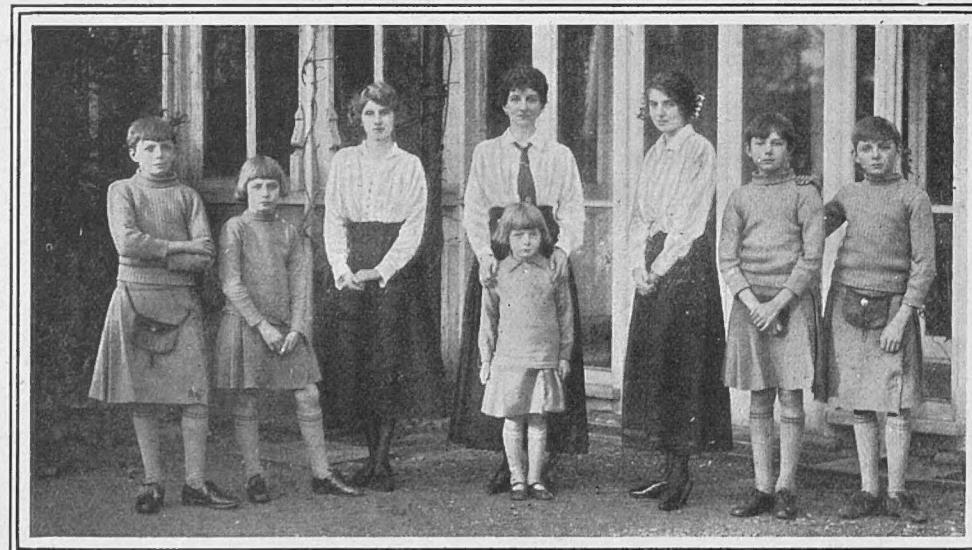
Reprisals.

Another speaker who managed to be amusing last week (though Colonel Mark Sykes eclipsed them all) was Sir Hedworth Meux. His description of his joy-ride in a Zeppelin

two or three years ago was topical, to say the least; and he cleared the air of a good deal of unprofitable reprisal talk when he discussed the question of our ability to adjust the situation by that particular form of protest. Reprisals may or may not be justifiable, but the virtue of refraining from them is somewhat marred by the thought that we probably could not at present indulge in them to any sufficient extent even if we would. Sir Hedworth and his wife have been in town quite a lot of late, and have successfully concluded a bout of house-hunting.

The Call of Rome.

The Lilius G. Rodd who is writing to the papers about her shop in the Piazza di Spagna is, of course, our Ambassador's wife. Her shop is called "The Nursery," and has been opened for the benefit of Roman *modistes* and others who have lost their English customers through the war. She, and other ladies of the English colony, are teaching the work-girls to make toys, clothes, lampshades, and artificial flowers. How many things one would buy in gratitude if one were allowed to spend but one afternoon among the flowers at the bottom of the Trinita steps in the Piazza di Spagna.



A HOME PORTAIT OF A WELL-KNOWN PEERESS AND HER FAMILY:
THE COUNTESS OF CARRICK AND HER CHILDREN.

In this charming new group of the Countess of Carrick, her five sons and two daughters, at home, the portraits given are those of the Countess, who, before her marriage, in 1898, was Miss Ellen Rosamond Mary Lindsay, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Gore Lindsay; Viscount Ikerrin, heir to the Earldom (seen on the extreme left), his twin brother, the Hon. Horace Butler, the Hons. Guy, Godfrey, and Pierce Butler, born in 1905, 1907, and 1909; Lady Rosamond Butler, born in 1899; and Lady Irene, born in 1901.—[Photograph by Thomson.]

TO MARRY A HUSSAR OFFICER: A PEER'S ONLY DAUGHTER.



THE FIANCÉE OF LIEUTENANT DANIEL SPENCER PEPLOE: LADY DOROTHY BLIGH.

Lady Dorothy Violet Bligh, the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Darnley, whose engagement to Lieutenant Daniel Spencer Peploe, of the 20th Hussars, has been announced, was born in 1893. Lord Darnley is the eighth holder of the title, and the Countess was, before her marriage, Miss Florence Rose Morphy, daughter of the late Mr. John Stephen Morphy, of Beechworth, Victoria. Mr. Peploe is the elder

son of Mr. and Mrs. Peploe, of Undertower, Sevenoaks, formerly of Garnstone, Herefordshire. The marriage is arranged to take place about the end of this month (subject to military leave being obtained by Mr. Peploe), from Cobham Hall, Lord Darnley's beautiful place near Gravesend, a Kentish seat possessing many attractive features which make it a most desirable possession.—[Photograph by Yeoward.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."



The Honey Industry.

An extraordinary meeting of some of the most representative bees in this country took place on Sunday last at the Grand Hive Hotel. The chair was taken by the Arch-Queen Bee, who submitted the following resolution to the meeting—

"That this meeting of representative bees from all parts of the Kingdom, having duly considered the present circumstances arising out of the war, hereby pledges itself to carry on work as usual with unremitting zeal; and, whenever and wherever possible, to increase the supply of honey for human consumption."

The CHAIRWOMAN, who was received with tremendous buzzing, said that they could not shut their eyes to the fact that England was engaged in a war of unprecedented dimensions. The effects of this war were felt in the bee-world as elsewhere. Owing to the number of men on active service, including many thousands of gardeners, the supply of suitable blossoms for the extraction of honey would be considerably curtailed. But not on that account must their energies be reduced. On the contrary, bearing in mind the increased cost of sugar, and the consequent shortage of jam, honey would be in enormous demand this summer and during the following autumn and winter. (*Applause.*) All eyes—especially the eyes of the children—were on the bee-world. (*Loud Buzzing.*) They must do their utmost, therefore, and feel proud to bear their part in the conquest of the unspeakable Hun.

A VOICE : Hum ?

THE CHAIRWOMAN : The last speaker must have been a wasp !

SEVERAL VOICES : Turn 'im out ! Draw 'is sting ! (*Uproar.*)

This incident having terminated with the eviction of the interrupter—a person vulgarly clad in vivid yellow with black stripes!—the CHAIRWOMAN invited any bee present to speak on the motion.

A lady at the back of the hall hereupon rose to explain that she was not exactly a honey-bee, but a sort of cousin. She was in full sympathy with the resolution.

THE CHAIRWOMAN : I do not recognise that particular form of buzz. Will the speaker kindly explain her presence at this meeting ?

THE STRANGER : Begging your Majesty's pardon, I am what is called a sewing-bee. I do not, it is true, make honey, but I make a great many other useful things, such as slippers, socks, shirts, and sew on.

THE CHAIRWOMAN ruled that the stranger should not be stung, but must bear in mind that she had no voting-power at this meeting.

Another speaker—a somewhat young bee—suggested that the time had come when the word "cell" might very well be abolished. It reflected on the respectability of the bee-world.

THE CHAIRWOMAN did not agree. The term "cell" was very old as applied to bee-hives, and conveyed nothing sinister to a healthy mind. (*Terrific buzzing, during which the young bee flew aloft and settled on a high dudgeon.*)

The resolution was then put, and carried unanimously into a neighbouring garden, where an informal swarm took place.

MOTLEY NOTES

BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").



WAR SAYINGS OF THE CROWN PRINCE : No. 14865.

"It is, I tell you, best for our men to die now, that they may live hereafter."

For the first time since the beginning of the war, we are glad to hear that the Crown Prince himself is keeping fit and well.

The Air Ministry.

It is pretty obvious to anybody with brains—which means everybody except some of those bodies who happen to be responsible for anything—that the way to stop Zeppelin raids is to establish an Air Ministry. The advantages to be derived from such a creation are manifold. For instance—

(1) A huge building will be erected at the public expense similar to the Admiralty and the War Office.

(2) A large number of gentlemen will be engaged at salaries ranging from £5000 a year to £500 a year.

(3) The Air Minister will be heckled in the House of Commons every afternoon, which will help to while away the time of the members.

(4) Should a raid take place, the Air Ministry will consider, with the help of numerous maps and magnifying-glasses, what is to be done about it.

(5) The Air Minister will be appointed by the newspapers and changed not less often than once a week.

A Few Names.

In considering

the person most suitable for the position of Air Minister, it should be borne in mind that he or she will certainly be changed once a week. Once a day would really be better, but, to begin with, once a week may be regarded as the official estimate. Here are a few names submitted to me by readers in various parts of the country—

MRS. PANKHURST—an expert in all matters concerning air, especially of the heated variety.

MR. ALFRED LESTER—his portrait as at present in existence would be suitable for use (a) on appointment, and (b) on compulsory resignation.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE—who has recently shown an unrivalled capacity for getting his friends to work for nothing. (See reply to Mr. Gibson Bowles.)

MR. GIBSON BOWLES—who has proved his capacity for descending from high altitudes with marvellous celerity. (See reply to Mr. Lloyd George.)

MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON—has beaten President Wilson to a frazzle in the matter of lofty Notes.

LIEUT.-COLONEL F. S. JACKSON—who says that, reprimands being unnatural, we should make a mess of them. An epigram, a tribute to the English, and sound sense all in one short sentence.

I have also a number of names of people considered utterly unsuitable for the position. Owing to the shortage of paper at the present juncture, these cannot be printed.

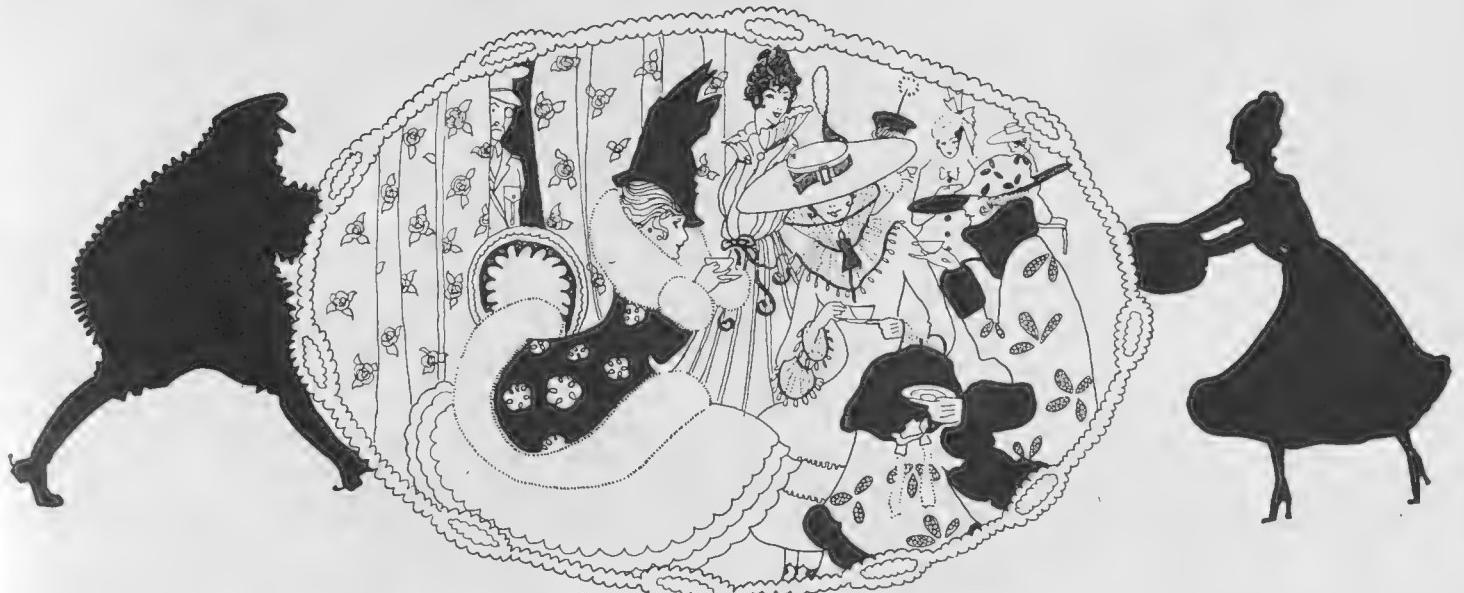


A "LIGHT BLUES" AUTHOR AND ACTRESS WEDDING : MR. JACK HULBERT AND HIS WIFE (MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE) LEAVING THE CHURCH.

A very pretty and interesting Valentine's Day wedding was that of Miss Cicely Courtneidge, the daughter of Mr. Robert Courtneidge, the well-known manager, to Mr. Jack Hulbert, part-author of and actor in "The Light Blues," in which his wife also is appearing. The wedding at St. Paul's, Hampstead, necessitated a journey from Hull, whence a number of "The Light Blues" company also came to town for the wedding. The bridesmaids were Miss Rosaline Courtneidge, the bride's sister, and Miss Finucane, of "The Light Blues" company, both of whom wore pink Ninon and pink-and-black picture hats. The bride looked charming in ivory chiffon and fine lace. The best man was Lieutenant Methuen of the Royal Flying Corps. The wedding luncheon was held at the Langham Hotel.

Photograph by C.N.

MORALS OF MACKENZIE: QUICK RETURNS.

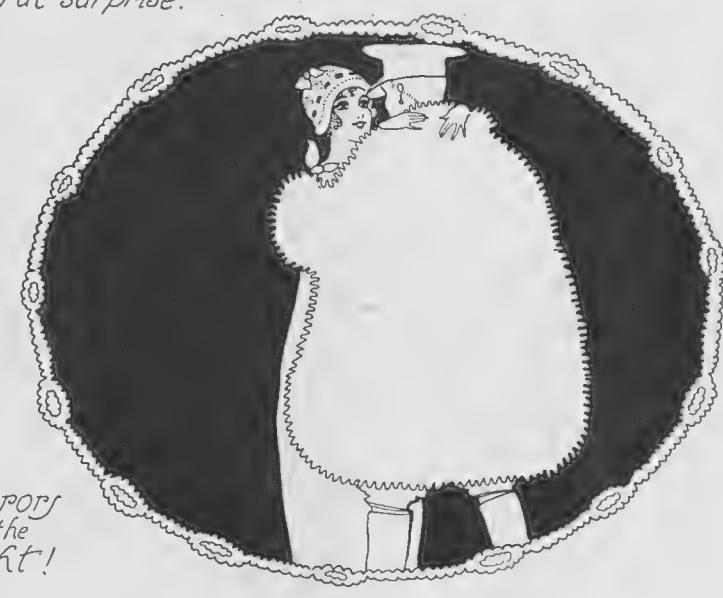


A forty-eight-hour's leave, ~ and he meant to give his wife such a delightful surprise.



*Terror
of the
Night!*

*Hubby's reception on arriving home
unexpectedly at 3 A.M.*



And it wasn't a burglar after all!



*Sad plight of the beaux!
The belles catch sight of brother Billy on unexpected leave.*

MACKENZIE

THE CLUBMAN

A BRILLIANT LAWYER-SOLDIER : THE GALLANTRY OF INDIA : A GREAT BRITISH GENERAL.

General Smuts. Though I am very sorry that General Smith-Dorrien's health is not sufficiently good to allow him to undertake the supreme command of the East African campaign, I am glad that, as it has been necessary to find another Commander-in-Chief, the choice has fallen upon an Africander of Dutch birth. General Smuts, a clever young lawyer with a "double first" to his credit, jumped into fame as a soldier by his exploits against us in the Boer War, and ran up the scale of promotion with unexampled rapidity. He differed in character, in brains, in outlook from such of the Boer leaders as were just veldt farmers and who brought to bear on warfare their skill in hunting buck. Cronje and Smuts had very little in common except courage and love of their country.

The Defence Act. When the four-colour flag was definitely pulled down in South Africa and the Union Jack took its place, General Smuts and General Botha both saw the wider opening for their talent and their ambition that lay before them. General Smuts was soon to prove himself as able in Parliament as he had been in the field. The Defence Act, which has enabled South Africa to put forces in the field in North and West and East Africa, was his child. A strain was put upon the machinery of the Act before it was quite in working order, but the organisation, with the brain of General Smuts behind it, bore the weight. I have no doubt that the preliminary organisation of the East African campaign, the work that can be done in an office, is so well forward that General Smuts can now exchange the office chair for the saddle, and become the strategist who moves the pawns of the war game in the presence of the enemy.

A Colonial School of Generals.

I am glad, I repeat, that an Africander General is to have supreme command in East Africa, for there is no reason why there should not be a Colonial school of Generals, and why the armies of Canada and Australia and South Africa and, in time, India should not give the Empire men for the highest commands. General Smuts has been compared to Alexander Hamilton, a more reserved, quieter replica of the brilliant "Conqueror." To our forebears Alexander Hamilton, and George Washington himself, were



A PRETTY NAVAL WEDDING AT GUILDFORD : LIEUTENANT L. G. INGHAM, R.N., AND HIS BRIDE, LEAVING THE CHURCH.

A large number of their friends assembled at St. Mary's Church, Guildford, on Wednesday last week, to witness the marriage of Lieutenant L. G. Ingham, R.N., of H.M.S. "Glasgow," and Miss Mary Cooper, who are seen in our picture leaving the church after the ceremony.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

Generals of a Colonial School; and had the world wagged a little differently in those days, Washington and Hamilton might have gained immortal fame under the Union Jack instead of under the Stars and Stripes. Botha and Smuts, both brought up amongst the broad spaces of the veldt, the iron-stone crags of the mountain chains, and the bush of Vaccombechi thorn, as wicked as a forest of barbed wire, are men for whom campaigning has no disagreeable surprises.

Indian Generals. I have included India as a land from which, amongst others, we may eventually draw some of our foremost Generals. There are prejudices to combat on the British side, and caste difficulties to overcome on the Indian, before the right solution of the problem of appointing Indians to the higher commands is found. No man, however, who has been in India and has looked at the country with eyes that see can doubt that there are a dozen Rajput Princes to-day who would each command a cavalry division as well as any British General, and the Maharajah Scindia would be in his right place at the head of an Anglo-Indian Army Corps. I once had knowledge of the skill and thoroughness with which a great Sikh chieftain, the Maharajah of Nabha, organised a cavalry corps, and his methods gained my unstinted admiration. India, however, goes its own pace, and the things that are on the horizon do not draw near all at once.



A ROYAL COMPETITOR : H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY (X) WATCHING A RACE AT ETON.

The King's son enters heart and soul into the out-of-school life at Eton, and came in fourth in his heat in the mile race last week, the final of which he is seen watching.

Photograph by Alfieri.

at Salisbury Plain, and having heard a rumour that he was suffering from suppressed gout, I asked after his health, and received a very emphatic assurance that he had never been better in his life—an assurance so emphatic that I did not pursue the subject. We were boys together at Harrow, we were in the same camp on the Zulu border in the anxious days that followed Isandula and Rorke's Drift, and I knew him as one of the best Adjutant-Generals who ever faced unlimited work in India. A soldier is always said to accept this particular post with the knowledge that if he does not die of over-work he will be given one of the most coveted commands. Smith-Dorrien faced the work, and lived through it. He was immensely popular with both officers and men when he was Commander-in-Chief, first at Aldershot and then at Salisbury, and he garnered at Mons such infinite glory that, even if he should not hold again a command in the field, he has earned his place amongst great British Generals.

British Orders for Frenchmen.

At one time a quite erroneous impression obtained on this side of the Channel that, though the French and the Russians and the Serbians decorated many British officers with the Orders of those countries, very few British Orders were given in return. As a matter of fact, the officers of all our Allies have received a quite sufficient number of British Orders—it being always remembered that British crosses are not given away with both hands; and that the selection of officers to be decorated shall be one approved by the Commanders of the armies of our Allies. It may give some idea of the value set upon the various Orders to give the numbers of the decorations pinned on French officers' breasts in the King's name by General Mahon at Salonika: 1 K.C.M.G., 1 C.B., 2 C.M.G.s, 2 Distinguished Service Medals, 11 Military Crosses, 23 Distinguished Conduct Medals. The gallantry of our Allies was not likely to lack recognition.

SOCIETY IN WAR TIME: RECREATIONS AND AVOCATIONS.



IN THE PARK: THE COUNTESS OF POWIS.



CONVALESCING: THE EARL OF MARCH IN A BATH-CHAIR IN THE PARK, WITH HIS DAUGHTER, LADY AMY GORDON-LENNOX, WALKING BESIDE HIM.



A FACTORY INSPECTOR: MISS MIRIAM PEASE.



A WELL-KNOWN LADY M.F.H. WHO HAS GIVEN UP HUNTING FOR SUPERINTENDING A HOSPITAL FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS: LADY PORTAL.



KHAKI AT THE WATERLOO CUP: THE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN AND COLONEL THE EARL OF SEFTON WITH A BROTHER-OFFICER AT LYDIATE.



GIVING WOUNDED SOLDIERS SOME SPORT AT ROMFORD: COLONEL MARK LOCKWOOD, M.P.



IN MUFTI—AND THE PARK: CAPTAIN ANSON BUTLER, AND HIS WIFE.



IN THE PARK: (LEFT TO RIGHT) LADY LLOYD, HER DAUGHTER, MISS LLOYD, AND MRS. SELLAR.

The Countess of Powis is, as it were, twice a Peeress, for she is also a Baroness in her own right, as is her sister, the Countess of Yarborough. They are daughters of the twelfth Baron Conyers.—The Earl of March is the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Richmond. He has two sons and two daughters, of whom Lady Amy Gordon-Lennox is the elder.—Miss Miriam Pease, daughter of the Right Hon. J. A. Pease, the new Postmaster-General, has been appointed a Temporary Factory Inspector (unpaid).—Lady Portal, wife of Sir William Portal, Bt., is Master of the Vine Hounds, and

Superintendent of a military hospital at Laverstock, where their Hampshire place is. In our photograph she is seen chatting over the hospital wall with Dr. Maples.—Colonel Mark Lockwood, M.P. (Conservative) for West Essex, has a small hospital for wounded soldiers on his estate at Romford, where the patients enjoy some sport.—Captain Anson Butler, 1st Life Guards, is the son of Lord Arthur Butler, brother of the Marquess of Ormonde. He married, last year, the Hon. Sybil Fellowes, daughter of Lord de Ramsey.—Lady Lloyd is the wife of Sir H. Lloyd, Recorder of Chester.

CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIERS

MOST young officers find their course of instruction lively enough at times, and deadly tame at others. But one Major, noted for his powers of realism, contrives to make his lectures on the theory and practice of bayonet-work deadly and lively both together. He spares no pains, and his language is so lurid that his class is thoroughly "blooded," in theory, before the end of the hour. It is told that at the conclusion of the first of the series, which was in itself a revelation, the wag of the Mess rose with his notes in his hand and asked if he might be permitted to put a question. "Yes, of course; that's what I'm here for. I'll be pleased to answer any question arising from the matter in hand." "Then, Sir, can you tell me how I can exchange into the A.S.C.?"—whereat even the Major laughed.

A Private View. Quite a large and smart crowd attended the Grosvenor Gallery private view last week. Mrs.

Asquith and her daughter, Mrs. Bischoffsheim, Lady Oranmore and Browne, Lady Powis, Lady Clinton Dawkins, and Lady Norman-ton had all re-trained from dropping their invitation-cards into that most popular and useful of war-time receptacles, the waste-paper basket. One of the best portraits of the exhibition, McEvoy's "Mrs. Walter Russell," attracted a little group of admirers during most of the afternoon, but many people failed to place the lady. Is not Mrs. Walter Russell the sitter for at least a dozen well-known pictures, including one in which Max Beerbohm also figured, as well as for the head of a pretty drinking-fountain in the Park?



WAR-WORKERS IN IRELAND : LORD AND LADY DUNALLEY.
Our photograph was taken at Kilboy, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, and possesses special interest just now, as Lady Dunalley is working with zeal for our troops, in her capacity of member of the Nenagh Nursing Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Lord Dunalley is Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Co. Tipperary, and is devoting much time and energy to the patriotic work of recruiting in his district.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

A Tea Party. That most blithe of hosts, Lord Blyth, had his hands full in the House of Lords last Wednesday. He and his youngest daughter entertained the High Commissioner for Australia and Mrs. Fisher to tea. Lord and Lady Sydenham, Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, Viscount Mersey, Lord Joicey, and other serious people were among his guests, but the proverbial gloom of the Upper House was successfully dispelled in the course of the first five minutes of conversation. Conversation, indeed, is too heavy a word; chatter got the upper hand and kept it quite early in the proceedings. Lord Blyth lives in a somewhat portentous house in Portland Place; but neither the house nor the increasing gravity of that region of medicine and diplomacy is sufficient to damp his spirits. Lady Millicent, of the tea-party, is the only unmarried daughter of the Blyth household.

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WIFE OF THE SON AND HEIR OF LORD GRIMTHORPE: THE HON. MRS. RALPH BECKETT.

The Hon. Mrs. Beckett is wife of the Hon. Ralph Beckett, Yorkshire Hussars Yeomanry. Mrs. Beckett was Miss Mary Alice Archdale, daughter of Colonel Mervyn Henry Archdale, formerly of the 12th Lancers. Lieutenant Beckett is in France with his regiment.

Photograph by Yevonde.

*And Always
Will Be.*

Very dissimilar are the two speakers booked for the meeting of county and Colonial ladies at Sunderland House—the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Frances Balfour. The Duchess is eager, anxious, and elegant; Lady Frances is very much in earnest, too, but in a different manner. This may be said without a shadow of criticism. Mr. Balfour's sister-in-law is capable, firm, assured—so capable, firm, and assured that she has successfully tackled Mr. Balfour on the question of Women's Suffrage and has established herself as one of the most clear-headed controversialists of her generation. And yet it is good that there is room for the little Duchess on the same platform: the appeal of so essentially feminine a woman is still, and will always be, potent.

Things of the Past. Gertrude Lady Decies has taken to heart the case of the wounded in East Africa, and is throwing over many smaller interests in order to be free to give herself for their service. She is selling off her Pekingese; the cats are, so to speak, going to the dogs; and her horses, even, are to be banished from her thoughts for the time being. It was she who appealed, a few years ago, for First Aid for Cats, took six prizes at a single National Cat Club Show, and was always busy with her animals and collections—with bull-finches, chow-chows, her husband's orchids, blue-and-white china, her golf-sticks, or with the puzzles that she had a very pretty knack of inventing.

A Tale of Transformations.

And when she was not busy with one or other of these things, she had her race-card. Gertrude Lady Decies has stood, in other words, for a type of the woman who had a thousand-and-one things to do, some considerable, some inconsiderable, but none of them, according to our new standards, of the first importance. She had no children. Now she has her practical knowledge of the world in detail will stand her, and them, in good stead. She has been full of war-work of other sorts, but her African enterprise is the real, big thing. It reminds one irresistibly of that tale of transformations in the breast of a Grosvenor Square lady, "Aunt Sarah and the War." And such transformations are not rare.

IN THE PHÉNIX PARK, DUBLIN: CAPTAIN THE HON. IAN MAITLAND AND THE HON. MRS. MAITLAND.

Captain Maitland is the son and heir of Viscount Maitland, and grandson of the Earl of Lauderdale. He is in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and is at present attached to the Viceregal staff in Dublin. The Hon. Mrs. Maitland is the daughter of Mr. James Jardine Bell-Irving, of Rokeby, Barnard Castle, Yorkshire, and was married to Captain Maitland in 1912. There is a little son, Ivor Colin James, born last year, and a daughter, Sylvia, born in 1913. Mrs. Maitland is taking much interest in the various efforts being made in Dublin to ensure the comfort of our troops.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

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WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN J.P.
AND LORD OF THE MANOR
OF WITLEY: MRS. GEORGE
HENRY PINCKARD.

Mrs. Pinckard is wife of Mr. Pinckard, who was for eight years Master of the Chiddington Hounds, and now supervises a Remount Depot on part of his estate presented to the War Office for twenty-one years.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



ENGAGEMENTS OF THE MOMENT : THE BRIDES - TO - BE.



Miss Bateson is daughter of Mr. J. Edwin Bateson, North Stoke, Wallingford. Lieutenant Lyon, R.F.A., is son of Colonel Ralph R. Lyon, The College, Malvern.—Miss Brooke is daughter of Mr. J. Raffles Brooke, Formby, Lancs. Captain Bratt, London Regiment, is son of Mr. Lionel G. J. Bratt, Ingleside, West Norwood.—Miss Buckland is daughter of Mr. Ernest Buckland, Buenos Aires. Lieutenant C. G. Stuart, D.S.C., is late of H.M.S. "Glasgow."—Miss Carrall, is daughter of the late Mr. James W. Carrall, Commissioner, Chinese Maritime Customs, and Mrs. Carrall, Over Dinsdale, Kingston Hill. Paymaster Steele-Perkins, R.N., is son of Dr. Alfred Steele-Perkins, Exeter.—Miss Manby is daughter of Sir Alan and Lady Manby, of East Reedham.

Dr. F. J. Williams is eldest son of Dr. Blundell Williams.—Miss Dods is daughter of the Rev. George Dods, B.D., The Manse, Barr, Ayrshire. 2nd-Lieutenant Nicholson, of Karachi, India, R.F.A., is son of Mr. Clifford Nicholson, Hoylake.—Miss Hutchinson is daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Hutchinson, C.S.I., Camberley. Captain L. R. H. Hill, R.F.A., is son of Mrs. Hill, of Burley Beacon, Burley.—Miss Preston is daughter of Mr. Walter Preston Weybridge. Captain Perrin, R.A.M.C., is son of Mr. Henry Perrin, Kensington.—Miss Bebb is daughter of the late Rev. Ll. J. M. Bebb, Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter. Captain Greenwood, Cheshire Regiment, is son of Mr. R. H. Greenwood, Kendal.

ELIZA STAYS AT HOME!



THE VICAR: We've not seen you at our Happy Social Evenings lately, Elizabeth Hopkins.

ELIZABETH: No, Sir; you see, Sir, father got 'old of a bit about night clubs in 'is Sunday paper, an' 'e says as 'e don't want me ter come in contact with ther police.

THE CHARM OF WAITING: CAROLINE AND THE MATCH-MAKERS.



ONE OF CAROLINE'S DEAR FRIENDS: MISS LILLAH McCARTHY AS MAUDE FULTON.

THE WIDOW WHO WAS WON (AND LOST) BY WAITING :
MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS CAROLINE.

THE SOFT AND SENTIMENTAL MARRIED WOMAN AS MATCH-MAKER: MISS NINA SEVENING AS ISABELLA TRENCH.



THE DASHING SPINSTER AS MATCH-MAKER: MISS LILLAH McCARTHY AS MAUDE FULTON.

As indicated under the portrait on our front page of Miss Irene Vanbrugh in the name part of "Caroline," Mr. Somerset Maugham's comedy at the New Theatre has a moral, which is, briefly, that anticipation is better than realisation. Caroline Ashley, living apart from an impossible husband, has for ten years looked forward to the day when she could marry her lover. The day comes when the husband dies, but the lovers find that what they really enjoyed was the waiting. The lover makes an obviously dutiful proposal and is rejected, to the consternation of Caroline's dear

friends, Maude and Isabella. Maude is a dashing spinster with a faculty for arranging her friends' lives and a fine gift of lying; while Isabella, a married woman, is of the sweetly sentimental type. Both insist on the match, and Caroline becomes engaged to her lover, but, feeling still that he can only love her as the wife of another man, she decides to break it off and marry—her doctor. The latter, however, diagnoses the situation, and announces that Caroline's husband is still alive. She, with a sudden inspiration, confirms the lie, and so the lovers are left to wait happily ever after.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

Self-regulating!

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Absolutely nothing to do but write. The patent and inimitable **Spoon Feed** regulates the inkflow to the very last drop in the pen.

JUST as the impulse to walk faster or to walk slower almost automatically increases or checks one's speed, so the desire to write heavily or to write lightly reflects itself unconsciously in increased or decreased pressure upon the nib. Such pressure upon a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen regulates the ink-flow. In this wise: The patent Waterman Spoon-Feed—a system of reservoirs—holds in check the ink stored in the barrel. Pressure on the pen, the gentlest of pressure, releases a certain quantity of ink which travels to the pen point just as quickly as, but no

quicker than it can be utilized. Heavier pressure, a more ample supply of ink to the nib, but no blotting. Just sufficient ink for the need of the moment; no more, never less.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen is the simplest and the best. It is beautifully made, a pleasure to handle, a still greater pleasure to use. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. Why not buy a Waterman's Ideal to-day? No other purchase you will ever make will give you the same satisfaction. The pen is a perfect treasure to any writer.

Two notable enthusiastic users of the World-famous Waterman's Ideal.

HILAIRE BELLOC

Novelist, Essayist, and Writer of the brilliant series of War Articles in "Land and Water" and other Journals:

"I am writing with a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. The nib is of pure gold, as was the throne of Charlemagne, in the 'Song of Roland' . . . Well, then, the Pen is of pure Gold, a pen that runs straight away like a willing horse, or a jolly little ship; indeed, it is a pen so excellent that it reminds me of my subject—the pleasure of taking up one's pen."

Dr. E. J. DILLON

—the distinguished Foreign Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph"—writes of Waterman's Ideal:—

"I first tested it in Kurdistan on my way to Armenia in 1894, and I used it in describing the Armenian massacres of that and the following years. I employed it during the Boxer trouble in China, at the Peace Negotiations in Portsmouth, the insurrectionary movement in Russia, the revolution in Portugal, at the London Peace Conference, and at the Conference in Bucharest. I have had most of the important Treaties of recent years signed with the Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen, which I take with me wherever I go."

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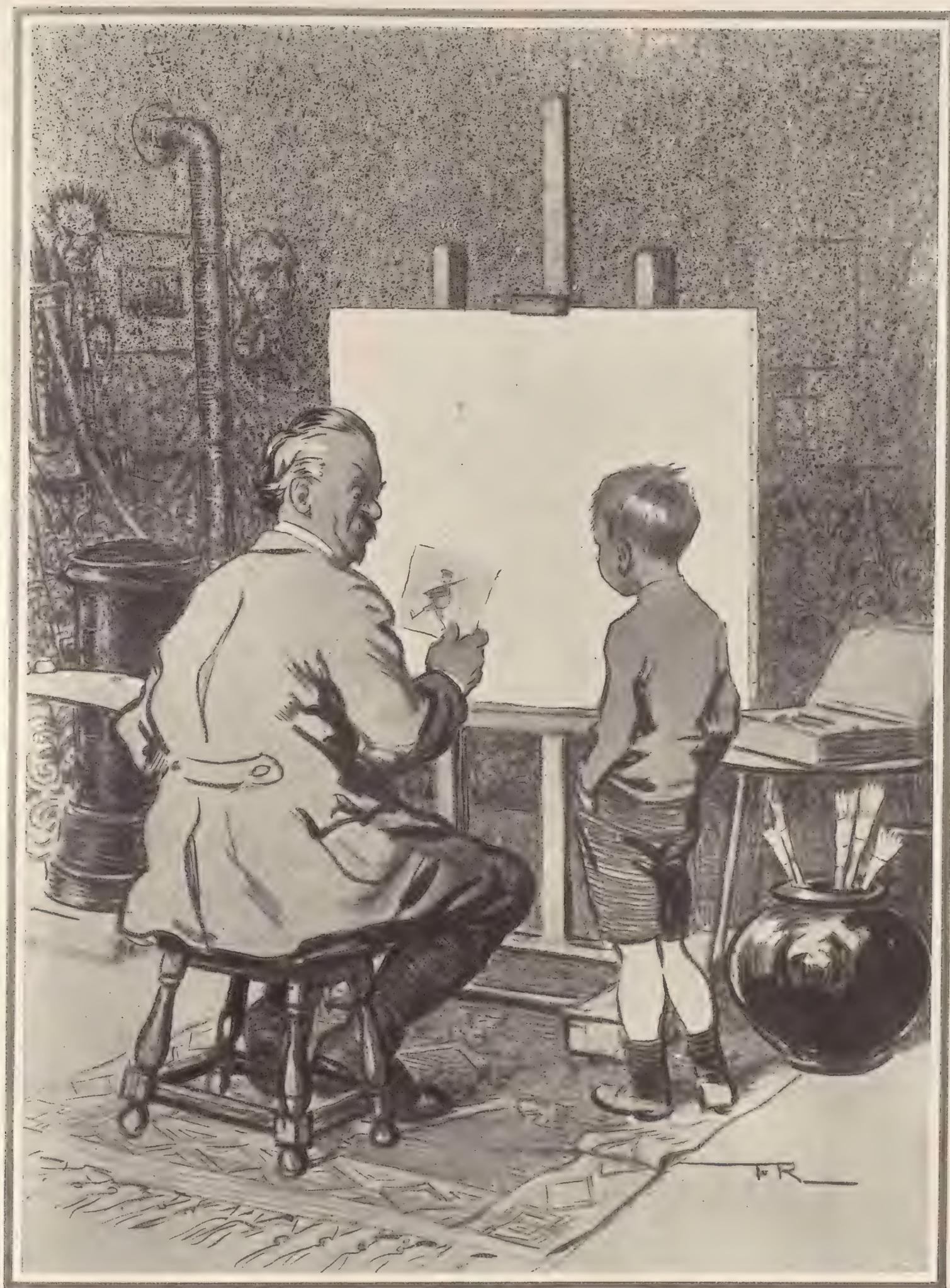
Fullest satisfaction guaranteed. Nibs exchangeable if not suitable. Call, or send to "The Pen Corner," Full range of pens on view, for inspection and trial. Booklet free on application.

L. G. SLOAN,
The Pen Corner,
Kingsway, London.

FOR NAVAL AND MILITARY USE
we strongly recommend the SAFETY type, which can be carried in any position.



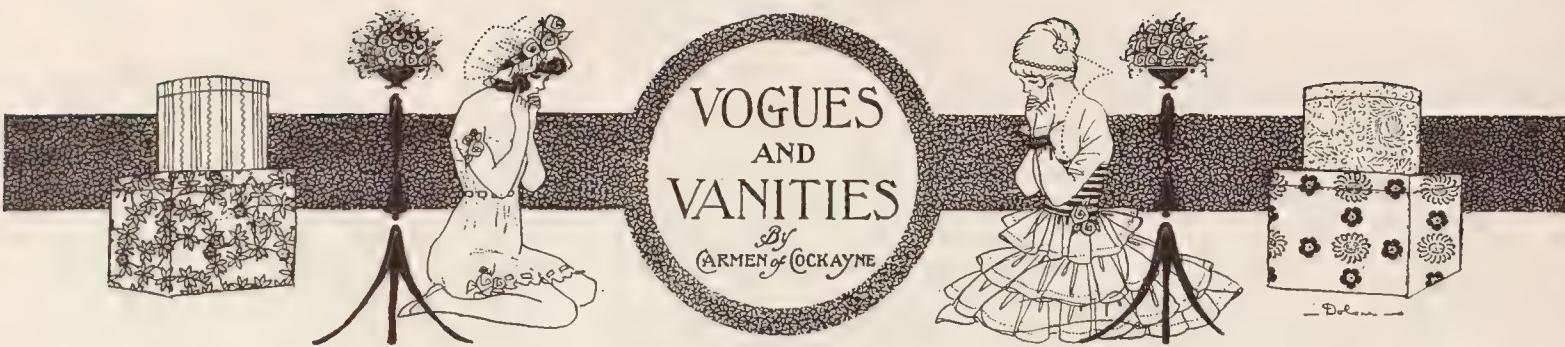
ONE IN THE EYE FOR FATHER.



INDIGO JONES (*inspecting one of young Indigo's efforts*) : My boy, this is quite the best thing you've done.

Now, I should like to send this to your Uncle John at the front.

INDIGO JUNIOR : Oh, all right; but tell him I did it, or he'll think it's one of your things!



"High Life Below Skirts." "Believe nothing of what you hear, and only half of what you see," said the cynic. The maxim, if consistently acted upon, would save disappointment and disillusionment. But no maxim is infallible, and this particular example meets its Sedan when it comes "up against" the hosts of lingerie prepared for the delectation of the woman who lives in this interesting twentieth century of ours. For, as everybody who knows anything about the matter will agree, if women only believed in half of what they saw, at least as far as underlinen was concerned, there would be nothing, or very little, left to believe in. The result does not bear thinking about, for it is an accepted principle of good dressing that beauty, though not quite in the philosophical sense, must be skin-deep. That the lingerie of to-day is beautiful few will be bold enough to deny. Its beauty, in fact, is its chief fault in the eyes of its critics, who still cherish fond memories of the red flannel petticoat and sigh for the return of the modest nightdress of honest calico. From the frills and general "fussiness" which mark the dresses of the moment it is but one step to the retiring simplicity of the lingerie which lies beneath. Great as have been the changes in frock-fashions during the last year, the changes in the hidden domain of lingerie have been at least as great. This time last year the knicker stalked through life a sheer mass of frothy frivolity beneath a 'chemmie' every whit as diaphanous as itself, while over both a fairy-like petticoat maintained a rustling sway.



The austere appearance of this nightdress of white crêpe-de-Chine quite belies its real luxuriousness.



The idea is masculine, but the expression of it, from the pink crêpe-de-Chine to the coral tassels, is altogether feminine.

Discretion Better Than Bulk. The exuberance of the *dessous* was counter-balanced by the sober modes in outdoor dress then in vogue. But now frocks are frilly, and "undies" exhibit a restraint as regards ornament to which they have long been strangers, and a tendency to self-effacement sometimes carried to the verge of total extinction. "Woman wants but little here below" is the principle upon which makers of modern underclothing turn out their handiwork, but that little must be beautiful. The sketches on this page show that if lingerie is plain—plain for lingerie, that is—toe inclined to demure simplicity, it is still fully as charming as the more ornate styles which it has succeeded. Coloured collars, frills, buttons—a large number of buttons with real

button-holes to match—an outcrop of criss-cross stitching in lieu of seams, touches of embroidery applied almost at random, and lace tempered with discretion, are the means whereby your petticoat, your chemise, your knicker, or your cache-corset still contrive to look pretty, despite the stress and strain of war. They may be white or blue or yellow or pink; they may be of crêpe-de-Chine, or triple Ninon, or silk; or, if taste so dictates, assume the greater opaqueness of sheer linen or lawn—that is merely a matter of choice. That they should be lovely is a matter of necessity.

The Chameleon Nightgown.

To vary possible monotony, an ingenious nightgown has been designed which enables the wearer to change her colour-scheme according to her surroundings. A yoke and sleeves of some selected colour are supplied with tiny buttons on a band so situated as to give the fashionable Empire effect, and

to this the lower half of the nightdress is buttoned. The lingerie illustrated on this page, typical as it is of the modes of the moment, was sketched at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street,

where are many other examples of the art of the lingerie-maker in its highest form. That sleeves are by no means essential is illustrated in the night-robe of thick crêpe-de-Chine which slips comfortably over the head, and is, as you see, provided with a plentiful supply of buttons which fasten at either side from shoulder to the extreme of the petalled hem. Black

under-linen, at one time so popular, bids fair to regain its old position, and is frequently allied with coloured ribbons.

Pyjamas with a Difference.

The pyjama, of course, has always been a factor to be reckoned with when lingerie is under consideration; and now that the gentle Hun-in-his-Zeppe-lin seems more than ever determined to continue paying us nocturnal visits it occupies a definite place in a woman's wardrobe and must be given special thought to. Some of its old-time austerity has, however, disappeared, especially as regards the coat. Waterfall frills decorate the front; fancy collars and fluffy frills at the wrists—which are present also round the ankle—add grace to what, in its native simplicity, is not usually considered an altogether ornamental garment. The new jacket shown here is of the Magyar persuasion and the "slip-on" type. The sleeves are elbow-length, and edged, like the neck, with embroidery in delicate shades of blue, pink, green, and gold. The sash-girdle passes through embroidered slots at either side, and is finished with long tassels of deep-pink coral beads.



The nightgown is black, but the shoulder-bows are of orange-coloured ribbon, and the birds match them.



If wit is measured by brevity, these knickers of silk and lace, and their companion chemise, are witty indeed, and the lace cap trimmed with ribbons gives point to the joke.

LEFT BLUBBERING!



UNCLE ERNEST. (*improving the shining hour*) : And what do we do with the flesh of the whale?

BOBBY : Eat it.

UNCLE ERNEST (*sarcastically*) : Oh, do we ! And what do we do with the bones ?

BOBBY : Put 'em on the edge of the plate.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

Phillip in Particular. II.—The Book in the Bait.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

PHILLIP—with two “l’s” and the word said slow—adjusted his beauteous tie, patted his unimpeachable hair, and arranged his *dolce far niente* face into lines of the lugubrious and the melancholy. So, a little dispirited in air, he walked into M’selle Sophie’s pinky drawing-room.

M’selle Sophie from her couch regarded him carefully from narrowed eyes until he looked at her, then her vivid, pale-dusky face welcomed him startlingly with the glowing warmth of her smile—a gay smile, but with a touch of secret sympathy and understanding of heart-sore Phillip in it.

She did the change rather quickly, as though she had a switch somewhere under her laceries for just this sort of smile (with others), and had clicked it on. Phillip, of course, would not notice this quick psychological change. Phillip was such a “pretty boy,” and his clothes were so ravishing, and his boots so glossy in their varnish, that he would notice nothing unless it were in a mirror before him. She took his hand, and she was, perhaps, a little excited. When a “pretty boy” needed sympathy, and a beautiful woman could give him it, then that woman could mould the heart and the mind of the boy. She had known this “Phel-lep” some time, but never, till now, had she the chance of exercising the power of her sympathy. It was a lovely moment.

“But Phel-lep, he is *triste* today. My poor Phel-lep. I must be kind to him. An’ he will tell me all about it, and it will be allright—*n'est-ce-pas?*” she said, in her rich voice. A splendid tool, her voice.

“A bit taken in the flank, what,” said Phillip inconsolably. “Oh, nothin’ at all. Nothin’ at all—probably means I shall be sent off to the muddiest trench, and will get it in the neck from the heftiest ‘crump,’ but nothin’ at all, really. Don’t let it interrupt the happiness of China tea. Let us be gay.”

She poured him out tea. The charming, warming, father-confessor smile was on her lips. Perhaps her eyes were narrow. But he was “preety,” and full of clothes, and wrongs, and so ingenuously absent in the brain department, he would not see. He was one of those who would never see.

“Oh, Phel-lep, you have it badly, so. But you have me to come to—that is good. I will soothe you with the tea that is Chinese—and me. Will you have a crumpet—they have been specially imported for starving Staff Officers who have it badly.”

“They may cure me, but I doubt it,” said Phillip sadly. “This is an affair of—what do you French folk call it?—oh, I know, of the soul. A muddy trench and a *fizz-bang* is awful bad for the soul, and I am due for both. All because—but why be lethal in tone, why worry?”

M’selle was distinctly excited. But she was clever, too.

“As you will,” she said. “It might spoil the crumpets. But I am ready to be nice to you, Phel-lep, if you like. Regard me, please, as the leetle lady who soothes—with tea or with the soul. That is it. But we will not ‘why worry’ if you do not need.”

She knew she was quite clever. When “preety boys” who are English begin to grumble, nothing of this world can stop them. When English boys, who are so ingenuous, begin to air their wrongs

they will not stop at saying anything—anything. She knew. Her loveliness and her sympathy had given her experience. Her experience had given her tact. She left it all to him. That was the best way.

Phillip did heroically. He endeavoured to talk of other things—the weather, for instance, that splendid old national topic, but in the end he came round to the inevitable. He said:

“As a matter of fact, though you would not guess it, a Staff Major of the most carnivorous type has been biting me.”

She laughed—but not outside—at the simplicity of the boy. She not guess!—but that was *drôle*. Her mouth and her eyes, however, were rich and quick in sympathy.

“Oh, but that horrid Major again. He is a monster.” Her fingers clasped his gently—the right pressure, no more. “He has been grinding your nose down again. He has been over-labouring you. The br-rute! An’ I have not noticed how tired you have been looking until now, from his working you so hard.”

Phillip’s perfect nose—the nose that has conquered a thousand and one flappers—twitched a little. There was humour in him; at the idea of tiredness, no doubt.

“Oh, Lord, no, M’selle Sophie,” he said cheerily. “It was the Major who got tired. Staff-Majors are very subject to attrition. He tried to function with abominable earnestness, but he did not tire me. Still, he was thoroughly pungent. Said bitter things, you know. I gathered from him the reason why the Allies don’t move in the West. The answer is simple. It is me.”

A real fleck of bitterness at the end. He had had a bad ragging, M’selle could see. His soul was raw and rebellious. How she knew these “preety boys”! She rested her warm shoulder against him, and her fingers touched his.

“Poor Phel-lep,” she whispered gently. “Was he ver’ stupid—or was it you?”

She did not think her excitement showed. In any case, he was not the man to see it if it did.

“Heavens no! Nothin’ to be stupid about, you know. Just an ordinary, technical bit of job-work, you know. I can’t tell you much about it, because it’s mixed up with something big. Somethin’ new, too.”

How her heart jumped. But he would not know it jumped. He was the injured baby fingering his wrongs. And then she could be wise.

“Of course you would not tell me anything,” she said gravely. “That would not be right, eh?” She smiled a little. “And it would not be very meaning, would it? If it is so technical—*hélas*, how do I grasp it? I am trying to make amends in my war studies, but the years of neglect in Paris, they cannot be overcome. I feel so ignorant—so cheap, isn’t it?”

Phillip beamed on her. Somewhere deep in his Anglican mind she could see that a compliment of the delicacy of a sledge-hammer was evolving.

“But we like you like that,” he said. “We like you pretty—and unmilitary. Otherwise, how could we trot along and work off what the Majors give us? This thing now—if you understood all the technical jumble you might get something out of the sketchy bits I tell you. Whereas you don’t, and I get sympathy without danger. Nice for me—rather boring for you, what?”

[Continued overleaf.]



A FAMOUS MALE-IMPERSONATOR: MISS HETTY KING, WHO IS NOW AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM—THRICE DAILY.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



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M'selle was thrilled. But only underneath her veil of sympathy. This pretty, stupid boy, he was on the verge of talk. She knew, from her experience she knew all the symptoms. A Commander-in-Chief from the First Angel Army of Heaven could not stop an Englishman once he had got to this point in her presence, and under the tenderness of her eyes. She knew. She was right.

"Well, roughly—has to be roughly, y'know—it's like this," said Phillip, endeavouring to circumvent Nature and appear wise. "Old man Ogilvie (that's the Major chap) put a job on to me. He shouldn't have done it, but he's a miker—that's slang; it means that he has got something better to do in a deck-chair—he's a miker, and he shifted a whole lot of this job on to me. He said in his haughty way: 'Do it one-time, me lad; the C.G.S. has immediate need of it. . . .'"

"I am ver' stupid," said M'selle with a plaintive smile. "But, please; C.G.S.; what is that?" M'selle was almost holding her breath. But clever and ignorant questions had to be put. It would show how stupid she was—how impressive he was.

"C.G.S.—oh, one of our decorative effects, Chief of the General Staff, you know. A technical insect." Her soul smiled as he passed off the simple officer gentleman who has command of the active operations on to her callow mind. "Well, he said, the C.G.S. had to have all particulars *with* diagrams—hard, nigger work diagrams—in fifteen hours. Fifteen hours, mind you, and four divisions had to be concentrated, routes worked out on a pinched front, and the guns and the "hows" figured in, and—and all that. A pocket plan by Napoleon done in fifteen hours. Ye godlets!"

She was almost suffocating. But she was gentle and sweet, and her hand touched his.

"It sounds truly enor-rmous," she smiled. "Is it?"

"Is it!" he echoed scornfully. "Is it! Ye little gods!"

"I am not a *général*. A little Parisian butterfly—so you see it is, as you say, all *grec*." Magnificent how she kept up the smile.

"Well," he blurted impulsively, carried away by his wrongs and her sympathy. "Well, here's just an outline of what a feller had to do." His field sketch-book was out. His pen was marking queer, but firm and skilful lines on a virgin page. "See, you've got a front like this, and roads like this—all coming from different places, like this. See how narrow the front is."

"What are those black, blobby things, please?" she said sweetly, holding her heart normal with her will.

"A village. That circle with an X on it stands for a mill. It's partly smashed now. The roads come in through cuttings—lines round shading always mean cuttings—that makes the roll-up more beastly to handle. But that's not the point of the trick. See how the roads come from all the most impossible spots on earth. And all the soldiers and guns and carts and things have to be bunged along at certain times, or the roads jam, and yet have to arrive at the tick, or everything comes ungummed. And they have to be bunched"—he was making strokes on the growing map as he spoke—"so that they will be ready for use when the whistle says 'Go.' Oh, there's an immortal lot of complications. And I had to grind out the facts and the figures in fifteen hours. And that slaughterous Major. . . ."

M'selle leaned back gracefully. Phillip saw that she was really being a dear, but that yawn-preventing was difficult. She looked at him quickly and smiled, as one saying, "No, I am not truly rude, but you know." She was clever. She said quickly, to cover up that embryo yawn:

"Frightfully complicated, yes. I should go mad only to look at the thing. But why should the Major anger with you? You have it so well, Phillip."

Phillip remembered he had committed the felony of talking shop. He did his best to apologise. But really he was full of it.

"Aw'fully boring, eh? Aw'fully sorry to pile it up on you. Only you help a chap so. . . . Well, it was all right really. But I'd hurried up the Mudland Division. They should have been *there*, 3.15." He put the figures on his little map. "I put 'em 2.55. Of course, one has to be almighty careful on a big move like this, M'selle. But I ask you, the whole job in fifteen hours . . . and not a 'Thank you'. . . . His job, too. Miker. . . . But, well, it's aw'fully boring."

"Poor Phel-lep," she said gently. "No wonder he want his tea. No wonder he feel 'limp-rag.' I would like to talk to your old Major." Phillip grinned rather discreetly. "Oh, but I would be angry with him."

She was charming and sympathetic again. She was gay with him. But still she must use her wits. He was tearing up the map. He had brain enough for that, but still she must try and make him play into her hand. He had torn it into large pieces, and he was looking about. She was glad that the season of fires was done. She watched him in his hesitation, and then she cried with charming warning :

"If you drop as much as one piece of that nasty paper on my good carpet—oh, I shall be a Major to you."

"Must tear this up," he said apologetically. ("Oh, like a big dull boy," she thought. "Couldn't possibly leave it as it was.")

"What are my waste-paper baskets for, then?" she demanded. "And I have so great a number of them. Please find one . . .

and come and sit beside me . . . we will forget all this horridness." She did not want him to sit beside her. But carefulness, it was necessary.

Phillip came, with all the glory of an apparition, before the Staff Major two days later. He said :

"Well, old thing, I have tidings of great joy. You will be glad that I came along here to look after the G.-in-C. when you have heard my simple story."

Major Ogilvie, the carnivorous, looked up from the latest of Kirchner's darlings.

"How do, Phillip," he said. "I wondered what it was dazzling the sunlight. What haven't you been doing now?"

"I've been Le Queuxing. Oh, really well, my dear Watson."

"Bit rocky about the author line," said the Major. "But what's doing?"

Phillip produced a map. It was a map done on a page of a field sketch-book, and it had been torn up into large pieces before it had been pasted on to a sheet of thin paper. The Staff-Major glanced at it and became black.

"That," he said, "looks like the concentration plan for our next big push. Looks very much like it, but not quite."

"I wouldn't risk the 'quite,'" said Phillip simply.

"You wouldn't?"

"That beautiful map is mine. The map only, mark you. The jigsaw bit, the pasting-up touch, is a lady's. A most beautiful lady, who betrays the innocence of extreme youth. I am the extreme youth."

The Staff-Major's face was ugly as he stood up.

"Manwaering, this doesn't look pretty. You'll have to say something more precise about it all. This sort of thing has an infernal black name."

Phillip (the name one didn't know him by was Manwaering) was as serene and unruffled as at any time in his history. But there was a grimness in the lips under the corn-coloured moustache.

"Infernally black, sure," he admitted. "It's meant blackness all along. That's why I watched it. You remember poor Longman. Remember, perhaps, he was on a job that somehow got across the sandbags to *them*. Recollect how the whispers got about, and how he decided it would be better if he chucked G.H.Q. and went along to try-out in the trenches. He got killed in the firing-line, I remember that particularly. Longman was my pal. . . . Well, Longman had a love affair, a semi-love affair worked on the distinctly quiet pedal. Not many folk knew it. . . . Only I happened to know it. And there was Brewer, too. Something went wrong with him . . . and he went too. He wasn't my pal. But I connected up his case, and there was a love affair with him. Nobody knew about that—but I nosed it out. Then there was Hooke. . . ."

"A bad case Hooke," said the Major.

"Rotten bad. Worse than the others . . . he wasn't killed. Well his affair was the same. Love in Secrecy—then something going all sideways . . . and the end of him."

The Staff Major looked keenly at Phillip. Phillip was pleasant and pink and innocent. Only his chin was hard.

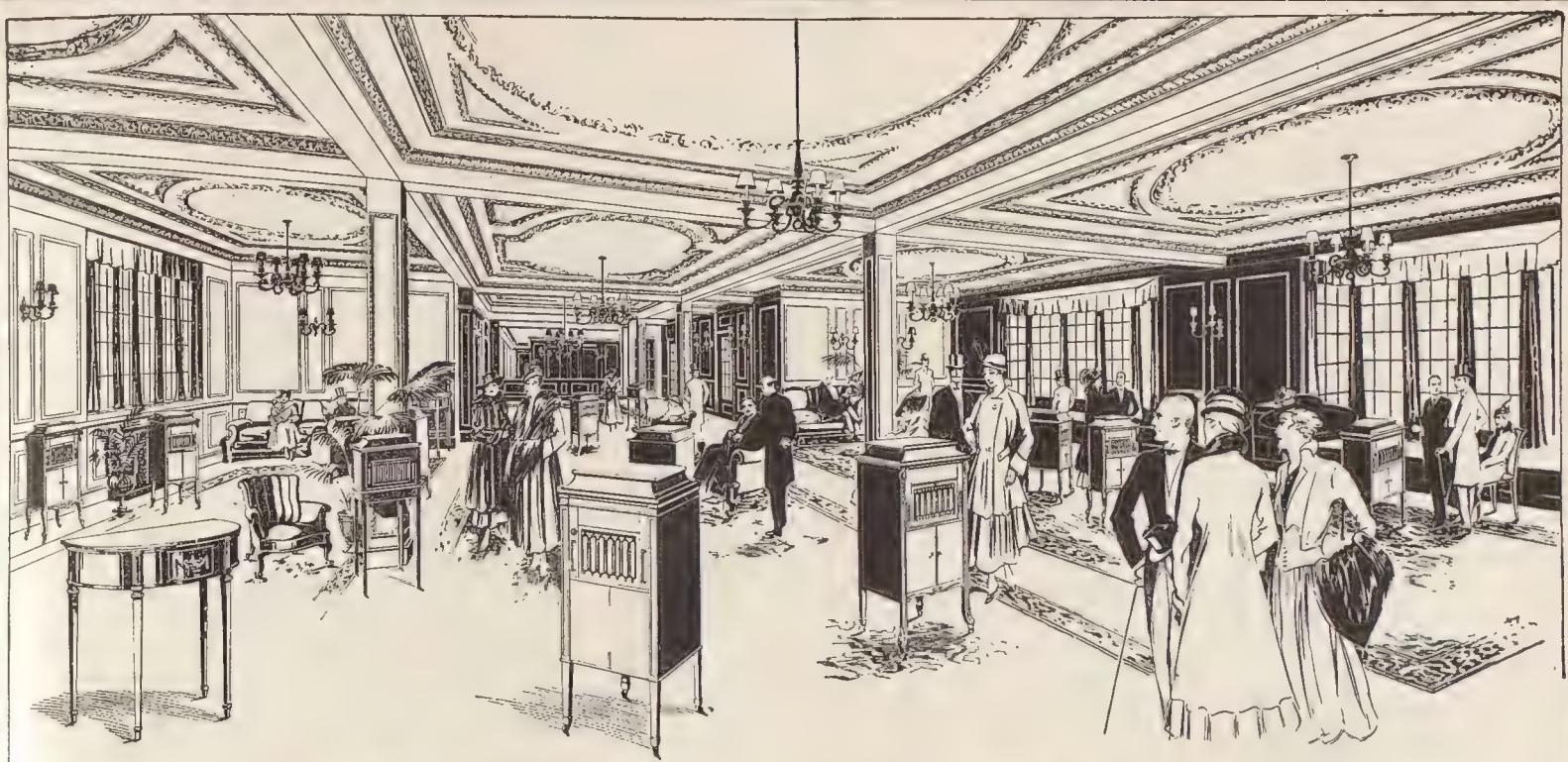
"All nice boys, weren't they, those three—two of 'em gone West, poor fellers, and the third, worse? Pretty and natty and neat in their clothes. I'm pretty and natty and neat in my clothes, also. I thought I was just the chap to go into the matter. I'd have a discreet love affair, also. A love affair with a lady who likes nice English boys, because they're 'preety' and innocent, and because their baby mouths blab important things when she is clever and sympathetic and beautiful over their troubles. English officer boys are easy sport—so sure of themselves, and yet so simple. I was so simple. I thought at first that she'd find me too simple. But she never suspected a man who does his hair in the way I do of being anything but foolish. She played me pretty, and I let her. But when she swallowed me whole she didn't know I was only the sprat on the hook. And the sprat on the hook caught her. There's the map I drew for her—but which she wasn't interested in. And here's a paper with all the information I poured out to her—which made her yawn as I told it. She's pieced it together prettily. It was mainly N.D.G., and I had already made all arrangements to collect what came out of the house before I went into it; but she put it together wonderfully, don't you think? Missed nothin'. And she was sending it to the German lines. She's the spy who bled Longman and Brewer and killed them, and bled Hooke and sent him off in shame from decent society. She's a spy, and I've got her. Her real name is probably Fräulein Sophie, but she calls herself M'selle Sophie. And this is her address."

"Smart work, Phillip," said the Major, in the nearest approach to admiration a Major can have.

"Not at all," said Phillip. "I can do any amount of little things like that. Do them in the morning instead of Müller—and Longman was my pal, you see. . . ."

The Major saw. He nipped into the Adjutant-General's suite to get things square for clever M'selle Sophie. And Phillip walked off. He went into town and bought a new and more terrible kind of squash-hat. But he didn't stick a feather in it. Feathers were *outré*.

THE END.



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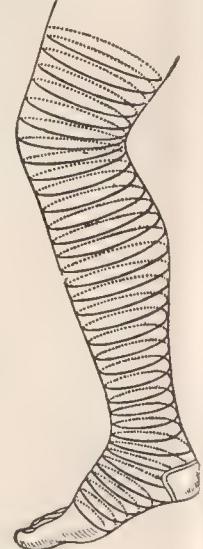
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The new Mecca "Spirastic" Supports, as clearly shown in the accompanying illustration, are woven on a similar principle to "puttees," which, any soldier will tell you, are the only possible leg supports for long marches. Fitting with the softness of a kid glove, they neither press, pinch, nor cut the limb, nor do they wrinkle or lose their elasticity. They cost no more than the ordinary hard-ribbed stocking, and yet will last at least three times as long.

If, therefore, you suffer from Varicose Veins, Loss of Power in the Legs, Weak Knees, Swollen Ankles, Pain when walking or standing, or Ulcerated Limbs, write at once (a postcard will do) to Mr. Cooper, Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances, 186, Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Road, London, W.C., for free Illustrated Booklet fully describing this wonderful invention. Immediately you receive it you will realise why the Mecca "Spirastic" Supports give greater comfort and freedom from pain and eventually effect a complete and permanent cure. Mr. Cooper can be seen personally every day (except Saturdays), from 10 to 1 and from 2 to 4.



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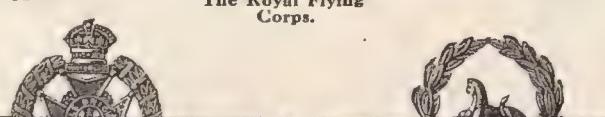
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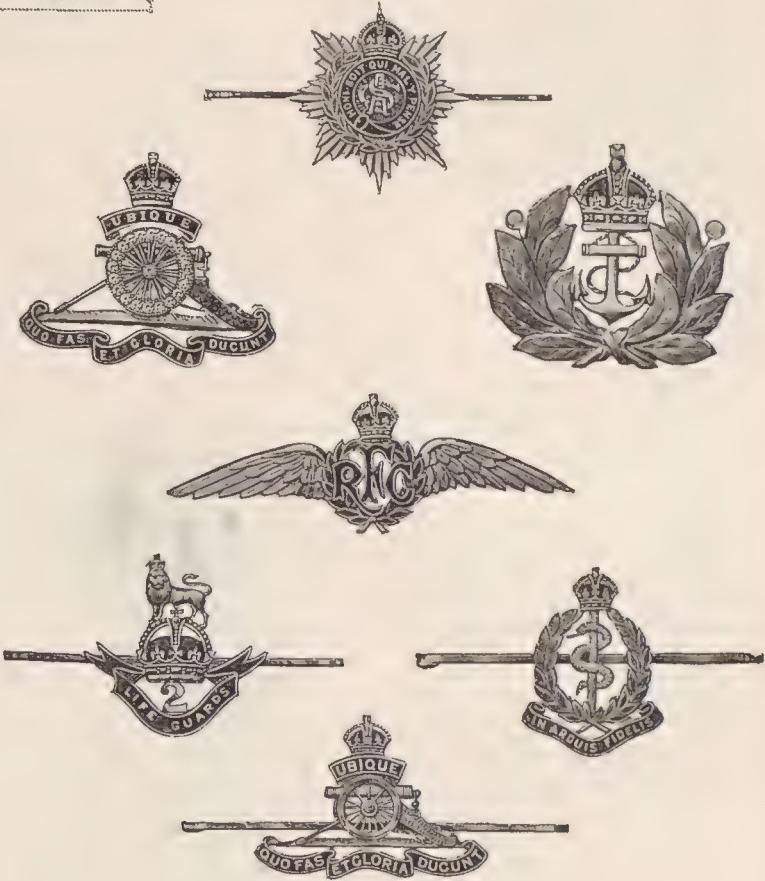
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Absent Youth. It will soon be difficult for a hostess to secure anyone under fifty unless she can snatch a soldier going to or coming from the trenches. It is strange, in these days, to take up an address-book and to try and visualise the present circumstances of all those gay and gallant young friends who abounded in the clubs of Dover Street and Pall Mall, and who had "diggings" in St. James's. The boy whom you counted on for his unerring taste in window-curtains, minor poets, and cravats is now an intrepid flying-man and is performing deeds of derring-do over there in France. Another, who could never be made to get up of a morning (unless he had to hunt) until the sun had warmed the town, is in the machine-gun section, and is cheerfully eating bully-beef and drinking ditch-water in Flanders. A radiant youth, chiefly notable for his polo, is now a cyclist despatch-rider, or "gas-pipe" officer, as goes the current slang. Your most famous young dramatist is serving in the Red Cross as a surgeon; the artists and the actors of reputation are outdoing each other in their eagerness to serve in the Army. They may be in France, in Greece, in Egypt, in Mesopotamia, in East Africa—at any rate, they are gone, and with them the goodwill of England. Never were healthier, harder, braver, and more resolute officers; and some of us, who have for years been insisting that British youth was not decadent and that the British Empire was only just beginning its immeasurable career, have justification now for our optimism.

Some War Godmothers and Godsons. In France, nowadays, every self-respecting woman is "godmother" to

a lonely and unknown godson in the trenches, much as we have taken up "mothering" hungry prisoners of war. I do not think the French ladies send quite so many edible tokens of their regard to their protégés as English-women do, but the sentiments exchanged between the correspondents are of the most distinguished order. A beautiful and famous actress showed me the other day a long and pitiful letter she had just received from an orphan soldier aged twenty. He certainly was not gay, not even cheerful; he referred to himself as a "pauvre gosse," and even gave a description of how the tears poured down his pale cheeks when his comrades got letters from home, while he had none. This *poilu* belongs, to be sure, to a nation which has more sense of family life and more family affection than any in the world, to whom our insular casual manners and undemonstrativeness are a perpetual amazement. It is impossible to imagine an English boy of any class writing such a letter, and yet to anyone who knows French life and manners it makes an irresistible appeal. In short, I intend to write to the "pauvre gosse" myself.

Please Don't Smoke in the Stalls. Some of us, in the face of the new

fashion of cigarettes in theatres, are beginning to sympathise with the Victorian host who received his guests in the country with the genial announcement, "This is Liberty Hall, and you may smoke in the garden." The objections—from a feminine point of view—to smoking in the stalls are many. The gentleman in front of you puffs his smoke, which he has already imbibed, straight into your face. The process makes you cough, brings tears to your eyes, and thoroughly impregnates your hair and clothes for at least twenty-four hours. After the cigarette-smoke has done its fell work in the stalls, it rises and vitiates the already dense atmosphere for the grand circle, boxes, and upper circle. As a matter of fact, the only place where smoking should be permitted is in the gallery, and there, oddly enough, they smoke least.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.



"Narcissus."

BY VIOLA MEYNELL.
(*Martin Secker.*)

Reading Miss Meynell's story is like listening to a finely modulated voice telling so evenly and so clearly the heart of a matter. She has caught from her mother that exquisite something which has no need to ennoble the soul's encounters because it already sees them noble in essence. This tale of two brothers is abundant demonstration. Almost any phrase of analysis sounds crude after coming from the patient unfolding of their personality leaf by leaf, opening flower-like, scarcely to be seen as movement till all is done. But Victor and Jimmy, they share the book in even parts. Victor the victim of a sensitive egotism, Jimmy growing strong with his genial sluggishness of sentiment. The book of Victor opens in the old library, where the two boys read a book of Questions and Answers aloud by turns—Victor, because of his stammer, reading the questions, for their brevity; and Jimmy

responding with the wonderful and perfect answer always ready, always final. Victor, under his Q., for ever seeking, inquiring, and longing that the question might be unanswerable; Jimmy, just underneath with his A., "impossible to dismay, swift and deadly to reply." In due time a woman came, destined to teach them the secret of themselves. Perhaps that is the unconscious spiritual mission of woman; she gives a body to her child, but she also gives the knowledge of his soul to the man who loves her. Victor loved Imogen and became the perfect lover, welcoming the last proofs with the ardour of a devotee. Jimmy loved Imogen, and constitutionally fled the terror and the bliss of her till things were too much for him. Victor put the great question of his destiny, and Jimmy answered it by marrying Imogen. The book of Jimmy closes with Victor in torment asking himself "*But why Jimmy?*" and the apt response of Fate, unembarrassed as was Jimmy of yore, was upon him even as he asked: he, Victor, was to advance by a denial of personal happiness; "Jimmy's advance was different, but as real—it was to enter into happiness." The issues of this spiritual conflict are put with the grave charm which is Miss Meynell's possession. She is not afraid of the day of small things. The cup of tea, the outing, the new frock and its colour are phrases in the larger theme; they can and do give character and indication to the relations of mother with son, brother with brother, lover with beloved. "Narcissus" in its entirety is a work of very patient and faithful beauty.

"Let Be." The years add flavour
BY SYBIL CAMPBELL to Mrs. Lethbridge's
LETHBRIDGE. art. The success of
(*Methuen.*) "Let Be" is not attri-

butable in any considerable degree to the episode of which it treats; there is nothing remarkable in a pleasant, middle-aged man, long married to an attractive woman, finding himself adrift in a cyclonic storm of love for somebody else. The whole value of the affair must lie in treatment, and Mrs. Lethbridge has kept her story in a vein of clever comedy never wholly tedious, and often very diverting. There is the comedy of matrimonial life, inexhaustible surely, and deftly she has dived into that Pandora's box. There are the comedies of class and genteel struggle, the comedies of crank and philosopher, of youth and age, as eternal as humanity, and as inexhaustible. A little of all of these give flavour to "Let Be." With nothing to regret too greatly, and enough at stake to keep hope and fear gently balanced, there ensues a pleasant, comfortable story unaware of heights and depths. It is welcome for its shrewd, feminine wit—no, not "catty," but quite the reverse; and it is welcome for a certain courageous humour or humorous courage generally to be felt in the author's work, and therefore probably her personal possession.



KING ALBERT'S HEIR AT ETON: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF BRABANT AS A FOOTBALLER.

Prince Leopold of Belgium, Duke of Brabant, King Albert's heir-apparent, is in his fifteenth year, and is a private in the Belgian Army. He has been at Eton for some time since the war began, and among his school-fellows has Prince Henry, the King's third son, who is a year and some ten months the elder. The young Prince is shown in the above portrait in the Football Junior Eleven.

Photograph by Vandyk.

WHY SUFFER TORTURE BY THE CRUEL ELECTRIC NEEDLE?

ELECTRICITY ALWAYS STIMULATES HAIR-GROWTH.

HOW TO KILL AND DISSOLVE OUT ROOTS AND ALL.

For the benefit of *Sketch* readers, Lady explains how she accidentally discovered a New Absorption Process which Permanently Removed her Hairy Mask, after Electricity, Tweezers, Caustic Pastes, Lotions, Powders, and all other Depilatories and Advertised Remedies had absolutely failed to do anything but harm.

By following simple directions given below, any woman now has the means of easily preparing and using in her own home this wonderful process, which has hitherto been a carefully guarded secret known only to a few high-priced specialists.

Full directions are now made public for the first time.

All who are afflicted with superfluous hair will be interested to learn of the amazing discovery made by Miss Kathryn B. Firmin, who until recently was deeply humiliated by these repulsive growths upon her face, neck, and arms. As the hair constantly became more thick and hideous she tried every process and recommended, but found to her sorrow that if any of these removed hair at all, the effects were only temporary, and new growths soon appeared stronger than ever. Even hours of torture under the cruel electric needle simply meant great pain, a sore and blemished skin, and the inevitable disappointment. After spending huge sums in efforts to get rid of her terrible and beauty-destroying affliction, Miss Firmin was about to give up in despair, when by chance she learned of a means by which the beauties of Ancient Rome are said to have permanently banished superfluous hair. With only very slight clue as to the nature of this remarkable process used in bygone ages, Miss Firmin tells how she set to work experimenting in her tireless effort to wrest the lost secret from the past. From the accounts of Miss Firmin's discovery, which have recently aroused so much interest among women with superfluous hair, there seems to be no doubt that at last there has been found a way, most radically different from anything hitherto known, by which any woman can now rid herself permanently, painlessly, and painlessly of all superfluous hair-growth by dissolving them out of existence, root and all.



After she had endured for ten years the humiliation of having a beard and monstachelike a man, and after electrolysis, pastes, "lotions," and all other methods had failed absolutely, Miss Firmin killed all her superfluous hair in a single night by the harmless new absorption process fully explained in this article.

cess consists of a solution easily obtained and prepared by anyone, which possesses the remarkable quality of being readily absorbed by the hair, so that it creeps down to the root, dissolving as it goes, just as oil creeps up a lamp-wick. It is, perhaps, needless to caution any who may use this process, which has so deadly an effect upon the hair, that it must never by any chance be permitted to touch hair which is not to be destroyed. In explaining the process Miss Firmin mentions that it is perfectly neutral and ineffective to the skin, as anyone can quickly prove by experiment, but she disclaims all responsibility for permanent loss of desirable hair, such as eyebrows, hair of the head, etc., to which the process is applied. Even though the accidental application be insufficient to dissolve the hair at once, it will eventually die and fall out, and there exists no known means for restoring life to hair roots thus affected.

For the benefit of any readers who may be interested, and who wish to be rid of their superfluous hair by this remarkable process, we are authorised to announce that Miss Firmin has agreed to send all necessary particulars regarding its preparation and use to any reader sufficiently interested to send her a penny stamp for return postage. Simply address Miss Kathryn B. Firmin (Suite 1271H), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., and full instructions will be sent by return post in plain sealed envelope. On account of the great demands upon Miss Firmin's time, she has stipulated that this offer must be announced to positively expire at the end of ten days.

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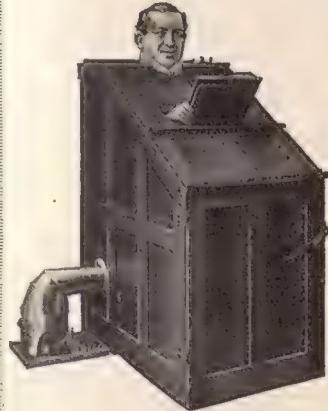
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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



Boy or Girl? Who can tell which is which? A khaki over-coat, numerals on shoulder-strap, neat brown boots thick of sole and wide of tread, well-fitting, khaki-coloured gaiters, and a slouch, khaki-coloured hat turned up at one side. "A neat, smart boy," one decides; then the figure turns towards you, and a bright, girlish face is revealed under the hat: its owner is a transport-driver. A fatuous youth, soon going to be "compulsed," says to an older man, "No wonder we hold back till we're fetched when fool girls get into uniform and try to look like us!" The older man looks him straight in the eyes and says, "Sonnie, you praise God for that kind o' girl; she may not please the likes of you as much as those that wear as few clothes as the law allows, but she's doing work for the country willingly, and you are going to be made do it!" The fatuous one's boots were large, but his feet filled them, and there was no shelter there—for the rest of him!

Child Egg-Collectors. Thirteen and a-half million eggs! What a collection; and these were hens' eggs, newly laid and full of nourishment, sent to our wounded heroes in their hospitals, by the National Egg Collection, 154, Fleet Street, E.C. It is a thoroughfare more celebrated for fresh news than fresh eggs; but when Queen Alexandra, Patron of the Collection, visited its Head Depot, her

Majesty was delighted when told that many of the collectors were children. This is a Children's Week. Six little boys

and six little girls have, together, provided twelve boxes to contain eggs contributed by boys and girls of similar names, so that a Thomas box will take Toms' eggs to the Tommies, and Maries' contributions will go in a Mary box; and the King's namesakes' collections will go in a George box. Egg-collecting has always been a favourite childish occupation—if in a different way. Now, every child is asked to become a collector in a new and useful way, and, when desirous of doing so (and so helping to win the war), should apply to the above address, or to the nearest depot.

A Minister's Wife Lectures. Mme. Grouitch, the charming American wife of the Serbian Minister for the Interior, gave a lecture on the Retreat and Exile of the Serbian Army, at the Duchess of Somerset's house last week. It was a most interesting, if poignant, subject, and the lecturer brought it home to her audience. The

A TEA-GOWN OF CLASSICAL DESIGN. The drapery of blue printed crêpe-de-Chine is loosely swathed over a skirt of the same colour in plain material.

Serbian people, she pointed out, were of ancient descent, and in the fourteenth century, when they were first wiped out in the battle of Kossovo, it was their refugees in Italy and France that brought about a great renaissance of art and poetry. A great gift of silence exists among Serbians as among no other people; and in their

hearts and minds now are deep, long thoughts for their race, and hope for its restoration to the beloved country and the position among nations it had attained. The Duchess of Somerset has taken up the cause of wives of Government men, and of officers in the Army, who have fled to Greece and Corfu with only what they stood up in. A generous response filled her drawing-room with clothes and other necessaries, which have been packed and despatched. Much more help is needed, for there are two thousand of these refugees.

Coming Along Soon.

A friend of the Queen of Roumania, one of the prettiest, most graceful and fascinating European Royal ladies, says that her Majesty is delighted at the thought that the country will be coming along soon. We have an excellent idea as to what these words refer to; Queen Marie has no light and flippant views on the subject of war; but she is British, and naturally wants to be with her own. She is head of the Red Cross in Roumania, and worked hard when cholera was so bad after the last Balkan War. Her Majesty has excellent arrangements ready for the instant that Roumania joins the issue!

What Will Rouse Ireland. If the Government takes over the Irish distilleries there will be a worse revolution than had they commandeered the Nationalist single men! Ireland without whisky: why the natives would not know themselves! Had some by-gone Government seen to the quality of the whisky



A WALKING-COSTUME IN TONES OF GREY.
This coat and skirt is made of lichen-grey broadcloth, relieved with buttons of dull silver.

sold in many parts of the Emerald Isle, there would have been fewer fanatics and less insanity. No doubt, Ireland will again be left outside the operations. It is having Home Rule by exclusion!

And He Shall Have Music Wherever He Goes.

Our soldiers are wonderfully susceptible to the effect of music; they love it, and now that they cannot regularly have their regimental bands, because their work is too grim, their music-makers must be compact, light, and easily carried. The Decca Dulciphone is a favourite everywhere at the front, and on board ships the Navy men look forward to their hour or two of leisure because their friend Decca will play to them. It is ready to play immediately it is opened, and takes all makes and sizes of needle records; and when it is closed, it needs no cover. The tone is as rich and full as that of larger and more expensive instruments. Deccas have gone in hundreds to the front, where there is no more valued gift. Ready for carrying, they look like neat, well-made hand-bags; the total weight of each is 13 lb. They are splendid music-makers, and the fighting-men love them.



SO DAINTY AND PICTURESQUE.
A picture frock of flesh-pink tulle, over gold tissue, with insertions of the finest needle-run black lace. The hip-drapery is bunched up with gold-tissue rosettes, which also appear on the sleeves.



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A CAR'S BEST TIME? THE AIR FACTOR: THE MULTI-CYLINDER QUESTION.

An Old Topic Revived.

As motoring has now been in vogue in this country for a couple of decades, it is not surprising to find questions being discussed among the newer motorists which used to agitate the pioneers, but, by them, have long since been forgotten. As a rule, one can but pass them by with a smile of more or less amusement—I say “less” because of the consciousness of the inexorableness of Father Time. One of these old-time controversies, however, which has just been revived in the *Light Car and Cycle-Car*, is of special interest—not for its own sake, but because of an explanation which has come forth, so far as I am aware, for the first and only time. I refer to the well-known question of “Does a car run better at night than in the daytime?” In the old days there were some who asserted that the alleged improvement in the pulling of an engine when twilight supervened was purely imaginary; but the majority of motorists accepted it as a fact, attributing it to the greater degree of moisture in the atmosphere after sundown. For my own part, while among the “Ayes,” I was constrained to point out that the degree of improvement in the pulling was liable to be magnified by the average driver owing to the fact that at night-time the eyes were easily deceived; and when one found oneself overshooting a corner which would have been detected in advance in daylight, it was easy to imagine that the car was travelling much faster than was actually the case. In those days, of course, speedometers were unknown, and speed estimates were purely conjectural.

A New Theory.

The new explanation above referred to, however, puts the item of moisture entirely aside, and is easily acceptable provided its premises are correct. The composition of the air, says a correspondent of the journal named, is a mechanical mixture of about three-fourths nitrogen and one-fourth oxygen, with a small percentage of other gases. The mingling of these gases is caused through the vibration of light, and as night approaches the sun's rays lose their power and the vibrations of light become less. Therefore the gases begin to find their own level, and the oxygen, being the heavier of the two principal gases, falls. Consequently, it follows that during the night there is a larger percentage of oxygen

near the earth's surface than during the day, and the air which is sucked through the carburettor of a petrol-engine gives a better mixture, and therefore more power. The contention thus defined is either definitely right or definitely wrong, and is one which any chemist should be able to settle at once. To the average man, however, it is news that the well-known composition of the air is a mechanical, not a chemical, mixture, and that the atmosphere automatically separates itself in this fashion every evening and mixes

itself anew by day. Colour is lent to the statement by the fact that an aeroplane engine gives less power the higher the machine flies, for, if oxygen is heavier than nitrogen and is capable of being mechanically separated on a dull day, the whole thing is simple.

The Twelve-Cylinder Car. It is reported from the United States that the twelve-cylinder car is enjoying a boom there; and if Europe were at peace, and Olympia and Paris Shows were held as usual, there would certainly be an attempt to foster a similar vogue on this side, so far as concerned imported cars, at all events. In present circumstances, of course, there is no prospect of any appreciable number of Transatlantic multi-cylinder cars being exported; but, even if Europe were not in the throes of a world-shaking war, it may be doubted if the twelve-cylinder idea would catch on. For it is simply a superfluous refinement, and particularly in England, which is essentially the home of the six-cylinder car. If the latter cannot be described as theoretically perfect, it is at least as near perfection as one could conceive, and its flexibility is such as to make every driver thereof perfectly content under all conditions of traffic. Why, therefore, should one saddle oneself with the extra complication of parts and the additional cost of manufacture which a twelve-cylinder engine necessarily involves? It is true that the new type does not mean an enormously long bonnet and appreciable lengthening of the chassis, for the American twelve-cylinder car is merely

a twin-six—in other words, the engine has inclined cylinders, set in pairs side by side, and is therefore no longer than a plain six. In this respect it differs from the only twelve-cylinder engine yet produced in England for road purposes—namely, the Sunbeam; but that was built for racing on the track, and even the Sunbeam people themselves do not place it on the market as a touring-car; while the numerous twelve-cylinder engines that have been built in this country for aeronautical purposes have all been of the twin type.

The V-Shaped Engine.

The one thing that is interesting about the twelve-cylinder car is that it has proved the fallacy of the early objections to the inclined cylinder. I remember in the very earliest days of motoring act-



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AT WORK FOR THE NATIONAL FOOD FUND: LADY IRIS CAPELL AT THE WHEEL, STARTING OUT.
Lady Iris Capell is the elder of the two daughters of the Earl of Essex. A keen and experienced motorist, she is devoting her time and energies to doing canteen and distributing work for the National Food Fund. She works from nine to six, and travels daily, on an average, seventy miles.—[Photographs by Central Press.]

ing as honorary observer on an Automobile Club 100-miles trial of a two-cylinder voiturette with a V engine. It performed remarkably well (making a non-stop run, in fact), but never became a commercial success. In those days there was a prejudice against inclined cylinders on the ground that they would wear oval, and that perfect lubrication could not be secured. Now we see inclined cylinders used in many aero engines and in eight-cylinder De Dion cars with entire success; and the type has justified itself.



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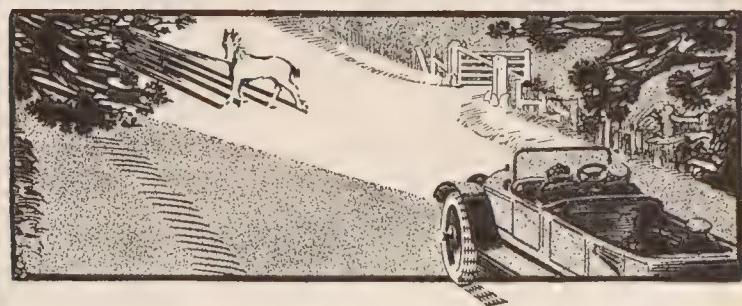
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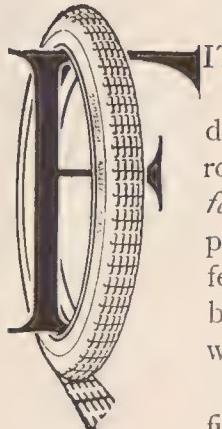
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BEST IN THE LONG RUN.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Fortunes
of Garin."
By MARY JOHNSTON.
(Constable.)

Old France of the Crusades, France of the troubadours, is as much the recipe for romance as sugar and cream for toffee. Notwithstanding the cult of the Cross and the cult of chivalry, it seems probable that culture was spelt with a K quite as much then as now, but only the patient and profound historian will come across such ugly suggestion. Charming colours, quaint melodies, an adorable display of strength and feminism on the part of the knights, and every interior as Gothic and remote as a piece of ancient tapestry—that is what the romancer goes out for to see. That is what Miss Johnston has woven into her pretty story of a poor young gentleman who rode out to the crusades for knighthood and fame. The beautiful sun-bathed country of Southern France shines golden behind him and his "Fair Goal," who is something of an "Ugly Princess," but ugly only in the sense of those of her descendants centuries later, who charmed the world—all the world worth counting—by charms more subtle than beauty. The fortunes of the Crusades are not followed to the East—we are never at the front, so to speak, with young Garin—but, once knighted for feats of imaginative bravery in Palestine, Garin is equipped to concern himself in more local detail of feuds and plots among the lords of his own province. All this Miss Johnston relates with much appreciation of her material. Without laboured detail, she evokes pictures of a beautiful landscape, where every hill is crowned with a real castle,

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A PLUCKY "PRODIGAL": MISS MARGARET MANNING
AT THE KINGSWAY.

Miss Margaret Manning is to be congratulated upon the success with which, on Saturday, the 12th inst., at twenty-four hours' notice, she undertook the part of the young prodigal in "L'Enfant Prodigue," in the unavoidable absence of Mlle. Mielly. All who have seen the wordless play, with Jane May or Mlle. Mielly in the part, must realise all that it meant to appear in the rôle at such short notice with such marked success, and must admire alike Miss Manning's courage and cleverness. "L'Enfant Prodigue," it may be mentioned, is revived "for a run" at the Kingsway Theatre.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

and the roads to them set ringing with knightly spurs or jongleur's lutes. It will all be as instructive as, and infinitely more pleasant to ponder than, the latest rumour of Greek politics.

"Bildad the Quilldriver." Mr. Caine has read his Rabelais, but that is no excuse for Bildad. There is no conceivable excuse for Bildad. Quotations from the poet Teri-i-shahn to the effect that—

Since the sorrow's crown of sorrow is
remembering happier things,
Always live on bread and water—throw
away your chicken wings;

or Mowl the Misanthropic Misogynist's advice—

To judge of mankind in the mass,
Lay hold of the nearest example;
And if he's a rogue and an ass
Thou art seized of an average sample.
The nearest
Thou hearest?
But who is the nearest?
'Tis thou, pretty dearest,
'Tis THOU,
Bow! wow!

These are fair specimens of Mr. Caine's philosophical wit. Neither rhyme, reason, nor fooling rises to a higher water-mark than these. Perhaps the *Nation*, who found previous works of Mr. Caine's come as "a sweet rain after drought," or the *Saturday Review*, that declares such fresh and buoyant humour as Mr. Caine's "must compel laughter even from the most case-hardened," and all the other appreciative reviewers will discover a worthy successor in this somewhat unpleasant Turkish clerk.

(Continued overleaf.)

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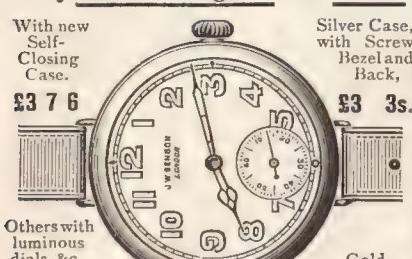


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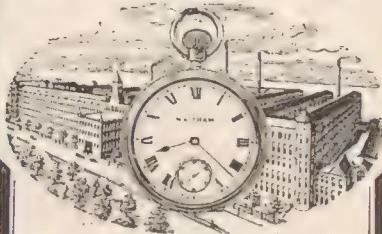
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*Continued.***"Moby Lane and Thereabouts."**By A. NEIL LYONS.
(*Bedley Head.*)

no one's business need suffer, or it would take a good half-dozen of them to cause the cakes to burn. Each furnishes forth matter for appreciative smiles: Mr. Lyons does know how to tell a good story. What could be more enjoyable than the little idyll of "Sweet Peas"? And it is so complete in its construction of phrase and event that it is impossible to pull one specimen for example. All or nothing is the only justice for it. And another very charming flower-story is "The Bed o' Pattikews." An artist making such little portraits as these is giving more than the half-hour of delight that they bring. They contain the "joyous wisdom" that makes the world of folk a richer thing to meet and reckon with. They encourage no illusions which mislead and finally embitter the disillusioned. The men and women are there for you to see more mercilessly than you might see them for yourself. Mr. Lyons' art is like those village dwellings of his: "We don't embarrass ourselves, where we live, with entrance halls, or vestibules, or lobbies, or whatever they call them. There is a

Mr. Neil Lyons could never be accused of the Ancient Mariner rôle. He would be certain to accompany the wedding guest to his party and crown the feast with one of his very best. But these rural sketches of his are so brief that

door, and there is a parlour, and you walk right in." In such wise you walk right into the heart of things when you open the door of Mr. Lyons' art. Things are not dusted and tidied away, the deshabille of the difficult day is evident, but such warmth of life greets you on the threshold that nothing but cheer remains.

"A Tight Corner."By A. W. MARCHMONT.
Cassell.

Stray paragraphs in the paper indicating the restoration of a returned hero to hearing or sight because he sneezed or laughed will prepare the way for acceptance of Mr. Marchmont's story of his unfortunate baronet. For unfortunate it was that a knock on the head should lay him flat and destroy his memory, with the result of connecting him with the notorious motor bandits who troubled France in that time—so long ago—"before the war." But the ill



THE "DECCA" GRAMOPHONE AT THE FRONT: MEN OF THE R.F.A. AND THEIR "CONCERT PARTY."

Photograph by *Topical.***THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.****MISCELLANEOUS.**

The Wounded French Soldier. Dion Clayton Calthrop. (*Published in Aid of the French Red Cross.*) 1s. 6d. net. (*St. Catherine Press.*)
Perfumes of Araby. Harold Jacob. 7s. 6d. net. (*Martin Secker.*)
Camille Desmoulins. Violet Methley. 15s. net. (*Martin Secker.*)
The Path of Glory. Anatole France. 6s. (*The Bodley Head.*)
The Way They Have in the Army. Thomas O'Toole. 2s. net. (*The Bodley Head.*)
Realities. West F. de Wendl-Fenton. 1s. net. (*Society Periodicals.*)
South-West Africa (1884-1914). A. F. Calvert. 5s. net. (*Werner Laurie.*)
With My Regiment. By Platoon Commander. 3s. 6d. net. (*Heinemann.*)
The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. Beckles Willson. 25s. net. (*Cassell.*)
Towards a Lasting Settlement. Edited by Charles Roden Buxton. 2s. 6d. net. (*Allen.*)
Froth and Bubble. M. A. Harbord. 1os. 6d. net. (*Arnold.*)
Notes on Property Law. S. Ford. 1s. net. (*Nash.*)
The Life and Times of Queen Adelaide. Mary F. Sanders. 16s. net. (*Stanley Paul.*)

MISCELLANEOUS (Continued.)

The Riot Act: A Play in Three Acts. James Sexton. 1s. net. (*Constable.*)
Odd Creatures. Captain Kendall. Illustrated by George Morrow. 3s. 6d. net. (*Constable.*)
Petrograd: Past and Present. William Barnes Stevens. 12s. 6d. net. (*Grant Richards.*)
The Kaiser's Garland. Edmund J. Sullivan. 6s. (*Heinemann.*)
FICTION.
Upsidonia. Archibald Marshall. 6s. (*Stanley Paul.*)
Bildad the Quill-Driver. William Caine. 6s. (*The Bodley Head.*)
Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy. Stephen Leacock. 3s. 6d. net. (*The Bodley Head.*)
The Individual. Muriel Hine. 6s. (*The Bodley Head.*)
The Times Red Cross Story Book. By Famous Novelists serving in His Majesty's Forces. 1s. 6d. net. (*Hodder and Stoughton.*)
The Kaleidoscope. The Hon. Mrs. Dowdall. 6s. (*Duckworth.*)
A Little House in War-Time. Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (*Constable.*)
Dear Enemy. Jean Webster. 6s. (*Hodder and Stoughton.*)
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Boy's Father. John Ascott. 6s. (*Long.*)

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Charles Stone. Matinee, Saturdays 2.15.

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